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Between THE WORLD AND Love

By . . .
ELIZABETH DELAHANTY

David continued to look into her eyes as he took the locket and slipped it into his pocket.

PAULA BENFIRTH turned the key in the heavy door and stepped reluctantly into the dim hallway. Back again, she thought, to the house which had never really been her home and to the husband she no longer loved. At least——

Her thought broke off with the abruptness of a person certain that the next step forward will be a step into nothingness.

Back again, Paula repeated to herself, as she passed through the reception-room feeling suddenly stifled in the cool, high-ceilinged hall.

The interior of the house, which had been closed for four years, gave an impression of restlessness rather than of desertion.

Paula moved from room to room, glancing with quick, nervous eyes at its priceless art treasures—the Renaissance plaques and sculptures, the Veronese drawings, the Italian draperies. Everything was the same—exquisite in arrangement. In all this beauty, she noted ironically, even the dust of four years had been too respectful to show itself.

Over the marble mantel in the library was the mirror which David had one day said was "almost beautiful enough for you to look into." Paula looked now.

Yes, I am beautiful, she thought bitterly, and everything here is beautiful. But what good is it?

David had once called this place home, and now after four years he would call it home again—his and hers. But it was not a home and it never had been. It was a repository for David's art treasures.

She herself, she thought grimly, had been added to the collection just before the outbreak of the Pacific war—David's last acquisition before he went to the Pacific.

However, unlike David's other treasures, she had not remained here in this perfect setting, in her proper niche. But she was back now.

Paula turned sharply and again crossed the room. She stopped beside the exquisitely carved table on which stood the glass case full of curios. Mechanically she stared at the piece of velvet on which the locket had once rested. Then, despite herself, she was stirred by sight of the empty shape of stiff, indented black velvet, the same exquisite shape that was the locket's.

A fragment of a certain happy day was in her mind now, like a fragment of lost time. She and David had gone to Italy for their honeymoon. It was in Florence on the Ponte Vecchio one golden afternoon that she had seen the locket in a silver-shop. The silversmith who sold it to her—her first gift for David—told her that the locket dated from the time of the Medicis.

The story was that a nobleman of the court planned to poison his wife, whom he suspected of infidelity. While he was preparing the poison over the fire, he took a strand of his wife's hair from the locket, which he carried over his heart. In disgust and rage he threw the hair into the flames.

At once the image of his still-living wife appeared in the smoke above the fire, her arms stretched towards him. His heart melted at the sight. His anger fell from him, and he was filled with forgiveness and love.

Paula remembered how that night, in their spacious hotel room on the Arno, she had cut a curl from her hair and snapped it into the locket.

"If ever I am gone and you want to see me," she said to David, "just burn my hair and I'll appear." They had laughed over that at the time.

But later, much later, in America, when the constraint had come between them, David had put the locket, among other things, in the curio-case in the library. Sometimes she had looked at it through the glass cover. But she had never touched it. And neither of them ever spoke of it again.

In December, 1941, David went to the Pacific. Shortly after Christmas she closed the house. But it happened that she saw, as she passed through the library carrying her travelling-bags, that the locket was gone.

For months she puzzled over its absence, but his letters made no mention of anything that belonged to his past. And not a word about the locket. She had to let it go.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Benfirth." It was the voice of old John, the gardener.

"Yes, John," Paula answered him, her mind still far away.

"My wife, Mary, ma'am. She's ready to come in to fix up for Mr. Benfirth," John said. "She's got her niece visiting down at the cottage just now. Would you like them both to give a hand?"

"That would be very nice," Paula said, rousing herself. "Please tell Mary to make up my room, too. I'll be staying down." She paused. "At least until Mr. Benfirth comes."

AFTER John had gone, she wondered at herself for what she had said. "I'll be staying at least until David comes," she thought as she hurried out on to the terrace and down the pebbled beach. "I'll wait until I see him, until he puts the locket back in the case. Then perhaps at last I can go."

Rapidly she walked along the beach and out on to the rocks. The waves pounded far below her swiftly moving legs. She did not turn her head towards the man on the beach who called her name, nor could she hear the sound of his brogues on the rocks as he scrambled hastily after her.

She stopped only at the top of the last point that jutted into the sea; stopped only when she was unable to go on, unable to escape farther.

"Paula!" The voice carried clearly on the wind and she turned to see Nick Pislane hurrying towards her.

"I asked you not to follow me," Paula said to him.

Nick laughed. "Even if I hadn't been following you, I couldn't go much farther without getting wet. Where did you think you were going in such a tearing hurry?"

Paula ignored the question. She sat on the warm rock, swinging her legs over the edge and staring out to sea. For four years and more, she thought, she had been in a hurry, going north, south, east, and west. She had been always on the run, in search of distraction, of adventure, pursued by something she could not name.

"You were wrong to come back." Nick's voice broke into her thoughts. "David's no husband for you. He's a stick, and you know it. You're just another museum-piece to him." His tone was impatient enough to suggest that he had said, many times before, all that he was saying now. "Why not drop this, Paula? You'll feel better with someone to take care of you, someone who loves you."

"I feel all right now," Paula said.

Nick made a gesture of helplessness. "You know what I mean."

Yes, Paula knew what Nick meant. To Nick, David must seem very much like a stick. David had always wanted solitude. He had cared nothing for parties, little for people.

Nick was totally different. Where Nick was, there was fun, life.

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Between the World and Love

Continued from page 3

NICK was saying, "Dusting off a lot of art objects is not your job."

Paula shook her head and did not answer. Maybe it was her job, after all. Maybe if David wanted that from her, or if he wanted her to sit around by herself and be an art object, she should obey.

David had been gone now for four years—most unsuitably into the Pacific, into a job he must have hated. Yet he had never complained. If she had been asked, she would not have been able to say the same. She had certainly complained. Not in words. But in action. She had, for longer than four years, systematically run away.

"Do you love me?" Nick asked, turning her head with his hand, forcing her to look at him. "If you do, let's go out. Or, if you do and feel you must wait to greet the returning hero, tell him that you're tired of sitting around under glass and want to live happily for a little while. Away from here."

"I care about you," Paula said wearily, "but not the way you want. I never seem to give people what they want. Please go away, Nick. Go into town. If I decide to come, I know how to reach you."

Nick stood stiffly beside her.

"If that's the way you want it to be," he said. His tone hardened with resentment. "After you've tried to make your marriage work and you fail again, I hope I'll be as available as I am now."

"There's nothing to be angry about," Paula said.

"All right, all right," Nick said, his voice crisp. "Have it your way. I'll be seeing you in town."

It was twilight as Paula climbed the rocks back to the beach.

In the house she went at once to the library. Old John had built a roaring fire in the hearth, and she spread out her hands to capture its warmth, seeking comfort, yet crouched and tense, as if she were in pain.

Then she began to cry. The tears ran down her cheeks. She knew what she had missed, what she was missing. David was not hers, and never had been hers. The house was nothing but a monument to his vanity. She could not live in it, laugh in it, love in it. She was, at best, its chief exhibit.

And now Nick, too, was not hers. She had let him go. And the fear she had lived with for years, the fear of utter loneliness swept over her with tremendous force.

"I must go," she sobbed. "I must—"

"Again?" David's voiced asked coolly as he came from the doorway to greet her. "And so soon?"

Paula was too shocked by the sight of him to move. She received his kiss on her wet cheek without speaking, and only after many seconds had passed could she murmur the usual conventional words of welcome.

David was taller than she remembered him, older, and there was something in his face that increased her fear. His voice, too, was somehow different. It was stronger, more precise.

While Mary and old John served the dinner, David and Paula sat, now talkative, now grim, like people intent on a deadly errand. Finally, with the serving of the coffee, silence descended. Once during their first conversation—and then again during one interval just before she went to her room for the night—Paula debated with herself about the locket. Should she mention it? But in the end she did not dare. . . .

Lying sleepless in bed, thinking of David, then of Nick, her thoughts went back to a night more than four years ago—a night shortly before David went to the Pacific.

At dinner they had had an extremely bitter dispute. The subject under discussion had been Nick, whom David had met for the first time that afternoon. Nick had been so obviously absorbed in Paula that he had quite failed to appreciate the Kir Shehir prayer rug that David had unwrapped for his inspection.

But worse, far worse, was the moment somewhat later when David had come upon Nick and Paula in the conservatory. Nick had been trying to kiss Paula.

"It was not enough," David had said bitterly, "—not enough for you to keep running from place to place, no doubt just on the lookout for new men. Now, you're making them follow you home. Well, I won't have your friends flaunted in my face. See them somewhere else. Not here."

David's words had thundered accusingly in her ears, though his voice was scarcely raised above a whisper, and anger smothered her heart. But it had not silenced her tongue. She had said all too many painful words to him about the demon, jealousy.

This quarrel eclipsed in fury any that had preceded it, and after it was over Paula waited in vain for David to attempt a reconciliation.

She herself would not make a move towards him. Pride. Both were too proud to yield and neither found it easy to forgive. There had been no change in their relations since that time . . .

Shortly after dawn she slept. The next morning she awoke heavy-eyed and dispirited. She breakfasted as usual in her room, and when she came downstairs she saw that the library was closed. The hours passed with leaden slowness.

In the late afternoon Paula climbed out again on the rocks. The sea was high, the wind loud, and the fog thick and cold. In a short while she was chilled to the bone and forced to return to the house.

From the hall she saw that the library door was again closed. For a moment tears of mortification blinded her eyes. Then she took a determined step towards it.

The knocker sounding at the front door stopped her, and she found Nick standing on the threshold.

"I had an idea you'd be about ready to leave," he said as he came in. His words were deliberately blunt, Paula knew, to avoid any suggestion of emotion. But the tone and the smile were triumphant. Nick was always so knowing, so sure of himself.

"Where are your cases?" he asked.

"I'm not ready yet," Paula faltered.

"Look at yourself," Nick said, pointing at the hall mirror.

Paula glanced sideways into the mirror. Her face was haggard.

"A wreck," she agreed with an attempt at gaiety. "It's the dampness. I need a hair-do."

"You need more than a hair-do, my girl," Nick said. "Come on."

The library door opened, and David stood in the opening. "Who's that?" he asked.

"It's Nick Pislane, David," Paula said. "You remember him?"

Nick said, "I've been trying to get Paula to change her mind and marry me."

"Come in," David said as if Nick's words were nothing out of the ordinary. He led the way calmly into the library.

"So Paula hasn't made up her mind," he went on, speaking without emphasis to one in particular. He put his hand in the pocket of his coat and pulled out the locket.

Paula's heart quivered.

With controlled anger Nick said: "All the best reasons favor her leaving here. She has a right to some happiness in her life—don't you agree?"

David tossed the locket from one hand to the other, playing with it. "Happiness? Why, yes. Have you a formula to guarantee Paula's happiness?"

"A better formula than yours," Nick said sharply.

Tossing the locket gently in his right hand, David asked, "Do you want a divorce, Paula?"

Now it's come, Paula thought. What shall I say? I don't know! Does he love me or doesn't he?

The silence filled the room. David's face darkened as he waited. Then, with a sudden gesture, he tossed the locket towards her. "I won't be wanting this any more," he said.

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A promise . . .

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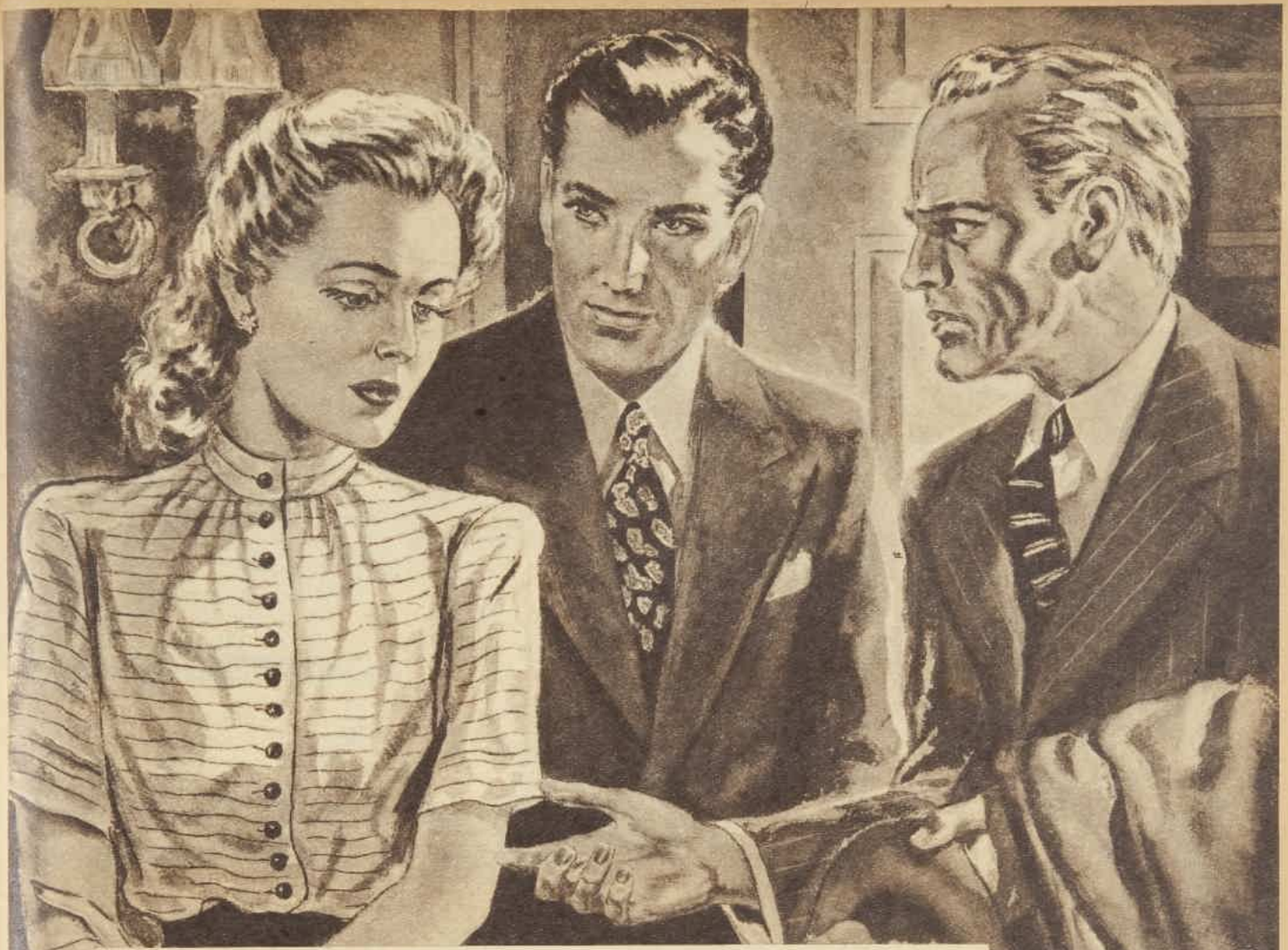

Amazingly, she ignored his outstretched hand.

FLOWERS *from a* STRANGER

LORNA BAYLOR, attractive wife of young DR. TIM BAYLOR, is dismayed on first meeting her husband's eminent colleague, psychiatrist DR. PAUL NESTRI, to feel towards him a wave of fear and suspicion.

The occasion is a party given by LESLIE and TESS CAMERON. Lorna angrily dismisses the feeling, but later, being asked to play the piano, she finds herself rendering a completely strange work, and has a vision in which her father calls to her that Nestri means to kill her.

Almost collapsing, Lorna leaves the party immediately, but is ashamed to tell Tim of her strange experience. Then in the night she wakens, her mind in a tumult over the whole affair.

NOW READ ON.

By DOROTHEE CAROUSSO

ONCE again Lorna seemed to hear those words ringing in her ears: "He's going to kill you . . . he's going to kill you——" And, try as she would, she could not block them out.

Here in the lonely darkness it was not so easy to scold herself with logic. She knew that in spite of everything that was sensible she had never known such strong, definite feelings as she had felt a few hours earlier in the Camerons' living-room.

She did not know Dr. Nestri; she had not even heard of him before this afternoon. She had no premonition of an accident in which he might be involved. Yet the impression had been clear and unmistakable, from something in his eyes, or the expression on his face, that it was his intention to murder her. Which was preposterous!

It was insanity for her to entertain such a thought. What on earth would Tim think if he were to awaken and find her lying here in a bath of cold sweat, panic-stricken by a thought so ridiculous that she would not dare mention it to him? The darkness revolved slowly before her eyes and she was chilled with nausea and fear that increased steadily.

She got up and put on her dressing gown and slippers, went to sit in the chair beside the window overlooking the garden.

Resting her head against the back of the chair, she stared at the black, restless patterns of the budding branches rearranging themselves with eternal dissatisfaction against their background of stars.

Dr. Nestri. Dr. Paul Nestri. She forced her mind to seek beyond the barrier of her fear to reconstruct the image of his face.

She saw again the odd, irrepressible excitement that came from beyond the calm mask of his face. What was it they had been discussing? The past, and how much of the past one may cling to in order to understand the pattern of his own personality.

Dr. Nestri had spoken with passion of the "inescapable consequences" of the past. Inescapable summations of things from which one might never be free.

What, after all, did she know of her past? What did anyone know of his own past except the things which his parents chose to tell him, the sights and sounds which they chose to present to him?

Until to-night Lorna had thought that she knew her own past. But what, actually, did she know?

She knew that her mother's name had been Marie, that she had died when Lorna was a baby, that her father grieved over her death and he could not bear to speak of her. She knew that her father's name had been Bruce Trenton, that he had been born in Ireland—Lorna had never seen his home—that he was a handsome man with an unusual amount of reserve which kept him from making friends.

She knew that her mother's death had warped him somehow so that no one, not even his own daughter, had been able to approach the real, the lonely person who lived beyond the invincible barrier of his charm.

His passport, she knew, listed him as an art dealer, but he was never a business man in any sense of the word. His dealings in art were highly exclusive and highly profitable. He lived well most of the time.

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So the fairy Godmother said . . .

"Shelltox makes a 'dead cert' of flies

Spray 'em and slay 'em with

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THE JUDGE

Staggering him came evidence to rock his most precious theory.

"Don't you dare set foot here again," he said, pointing an irate finger at his visitor.

By DONALD HENDERSON

MR. JUSTICE HILTON had a reputation which he may or may not have been aware of. He was known as being "stern and humorless." He was, moreover, an aggressive, massive man, and his robes, so far from making him a romantic figure, made him look extremely frightening and formidable.

Prisoners, when they heard that Mr. Justice Hilton was to try the case, instantly turned rather pale and gave the thumbs-down sign to their lawyers, if the aforesaid lawyers had not themselves turned pale and given the thumbs-down sign already.

It was recorded of Mr. Justice Avory that only the guilty prisoner need fear him; the innocent prisoner had a friend in him. But this was never inferred, much less said, about Mr. Justice Hilton. Nobody mentioned the words "humanity" and "patience" in connection with him. Indeed, the best said about him was: "He's got a wonderful wife—and he knows it, I'll say that for him."

In point of fact, Lady Hilton had helped many ex-prisoners at the bar, whether convicted or not. It was a matter for speculation whether his Lordship was aware of this. If he was, it hardly seemed to have any humanising influence.

He was certainly formidable up there on the bench, with his hard eyes and his tight lips and his impatient manner.

. . . . . .

"Seven years," said his Lordship curtly, awarding the maximum, and he looked at the clock.

It was lunch-time.

They got a muscular grip on the struggling, yelling prisoner, and dragged him, protesting, down the sinister staircase. He faded gradually from the view of reporters, barristers, solicitors, and spectators, but his cries of bitter protest could still be heard by Mr. Justice Hilton as he turned his back on the familiar scene, heard the oaken door close behind his beefy figure, and started to disrobe.

The convict had lunch in a cell—boiled beef and carrots, while he still could, and a cigarette, and Mr. Justice Hilton crossed over to the hotel, where he found his place carefully reserved for him, deferential acquaintances, obsequious waiters.

The lunch was excellent, but somehow it was not until the final brandy that he was able to stem his irritation, and satisfy afresh his inmost conviction that what he was thinking was both just and right.

There had been far too many of these pleas in recent years; the fault belonged to fiction-writers and other alleged psychologists, in which even the most eminent counsel frequently had the nerve and effrontery to get up on their feet and declare that, at the time of the alleged crime, the accused not only didn't know what he was doing, but, afterwards, didn't know he'd done it.

There had even been murder cases in which the alleged murderer, who was in no way represented as being insane, was supposed not to have known what he had done! "A mental blank." A mental blank! The prisoner pleads about this mental blank and declares: "Something came over me."

Mr. Justice Hilton impatiently selected a cigar and privately complimented himself on dealing in realities. For his part, he took this modern attitude with a pinch of snuff.

"Coffee, my Lord?"

"Yes. Black. And hurry with it. I've a lot to get through before five o'clock."

The afternoon got well under way with a fraud case, which certainly suggested realities! Bonds were bonds and cheques were cheques! Mr. Justice Hilton told himself he was even better at figures than at people. Figures never lied. It was absorbing, and he had already forgotten the previous case.

But when he got home to Regent's Park he was tired.

"Good evening, my Lord," his butler greeted him doubtfully.

"Evening, Primmer. Where is her Ladyship?"

"Her Ladyship had to pay a call, my Lord. But I was instructed to inform your Lordship that dinner would be in no way delayed." Primmer, a bent and white-headed figure, hesitated.

He often did hesitate, especially when his Lordship came back in what they called below stairs his penal servitude mood. It said in the paper to-night as that poor chap got seven years, whereas everybody'd quite thought . . .

"Is anything the matter, Primmer? You appear hesitant."

"Er—no, my Lord," faltered Primmer untruthfully. "I'm . . . I'm very sorry, my Lord, but there's a . . . a person in the morning-room."

"A person?" his Lordship inquired, shedding his hat and overcoat. When Primmer referred to "a person" it was not hard to understand his meaning.

"Yes, my Lord. I said to him, 'It's not a bit of use expecting his Lordship without an appointment and least of all if you won't leave your name.' But he's called four times, and he says it's about a case."

"Well, we had better see this person. No doubt it is somebody her Ladyship had been interesting herself in. We shall soon dispose of him." There was a satisfied but somehow bulldog look to his Lordship's red face.

Sixty seconds later his expression was even more of the bulldog and redder than ever.

"Get out!" he instructed his visitor, in the privacy of their brief interview, and using a tone of voice he never employed even in Court No. 1. But the visitor, except for putting an article back in his pocket in a thoughtful way, showed no fear and didn't move. In fact, he grinned.

"Shouting won't upset me, your Lordship. I ain't in the dock this time! And, seeing as—"

"You soon will be, if you don't get out! Did you hear what I said?"

"I heard." The visitor grinned, showing yellow teeth. "Of course, it's nice and private at present, in here with the door shut! But no doubt when I decide to find myself a bit of an audience, you, being a judge . . .!"

But by that time his Lordship had nearly pulled the bell out of its socket, and Primmer came in.

"Show this person out, Primmer! And don't dare set foot here again," his Lordship added, pointing an irate finger at his visitor.

"Well," said the little visitor calmly, "our bit of business can wait a day or two, my Lord, if you want to think it over. But no more than a day or two. You understand that?"

Primmer took him out.

Mr. Justice Hilton stood stock-still by the fireplace. To say that every one of his senses had been grossly outraged would be a marked understatement. He was one of his Majesty's most respected judges—and was being brazenly blackmailed.

Brazenly! Fantastically! The thing savored of . . . of . . .

The door opened again, interrupting the explosive rage and confusion of his thoughts. He had hoped it was Primmer, upon whom he could vent some of his spleen.

But it was Lady Hilton.

"You have rather a high color, dear," she said anxiously, in her gentle voice.

Words failed his Lordship. Once he had tried a blackmail case of a peculiarly virulent nature. The verdict was unquestionably one of guilty, and he had come down very heavily on the offender. He always did come down very heavily on blackmail, and he always would, because he couldn't understand the type of mind that could stoop to it.

He had never met with it outside the law courts—well, until to-night. Although to-night's astounding incident was, of course, a most brazen try-on. What else could it have been? He was actually and openly accused by a little ex-convict (whom he seemed to have seen before somewhere) of murder!

It was preposterous. Seething with rage, his Lordship marched into his dressing-room. And as he shut the door behind him he suddenly saw something.

It was in the shoe cupboard.

Being in the shoe cupboard it was, of course, a shoe, but he picked it up with a startled and almost furtive movement.

It was his own shoe, and it was caked with mud and what looked like dried blood.

And where was its fellow?

But, of course. The little ex-convict had temporarily produced—well, an alleged . . .

"Are you ready for dinner, dear?" Lady Hilton called from the bedroom. "I expect you're terribly hungry, and I think you will enjoy the dinner."

He didn't reply, and she wasn't sure if he had heard. He appeared to be locking his shoe cupboard.

At dinner she discussed two subjects which she thought might interest him. He seemed quiet and off his food, and where he had seemed to have a high color, he now seemed rather pale.

The two subjects she discussed were his major case for the day (she had seen the evening paper) with its familiar modern defence, and the present unfortunate wave of murders in their Regent's Park district. But here she failed him as badly as she appeared to have done over the carefully thought out meal. Always, and unlike many of their legal friends, he liked to talk what was called "shop," but now he appeared to regard it with distaste.

"Personally," she was saying, "I think I can imagine somebody committing a crime, even murder, and genuinely not knowing that he's done it, Edward. And insanity, surely, need not necessarily——"

"If you please, my dear!"

His interruption was strangely abrupt. He was rarely abrupt with her, whatever he might be with others. But, of course, he would know that her sympathies would be for the poor fellow to-day who had been sentenced to seven years. Was he thinking of that? Or of other things? He seemed abstracted.

Suddenly he got to his feet, excusing himself. There was soon the distant sound of the study door closing . . .

Mr. Justice Hilton was sitting by his study fire. The clock in the hall started to chime midnight. He had done no work at all, but he wasn't asleep. Far from it. Frequently he fell asleep by the study fire between half-past eleven and midnight, and after a half hour's nap he would go for a short walk about the Regent's Park streets before going up to bed. He needed that half-hour of air, even if the roads were muddy. Muddy . . .

He got up.

His wife, of course, knew his habits like clockwork. And now, from her bed, she heard the front door open and close quietly. The house was silent and still, except for the clocks. Life was so full of clocks.

She was an imaginative person and she saw clocks as instruments ever pointing to the end for someone. Herself, Edward, anyone. Perhaps someone now, this second, out in the wet streets. An accident—or another murder. Clocks. Clocks had only just started to take away the long years for the poor convict who had committed crime, afterwards declaring: "I didn't know I'd done it." Perhaps he was speaking the truth?

Supposing her husband, through overwork or some other stress, one day became in such a strained mental condition that . . . that, well, anything?

Suddenly Lady Hilton's thoughts were interrupted by a woman's scream. It came fairly distinctly from the streets outside.

But she supposed it was just a Londonish noise. She dozed off until he came in.

"Did I hear a scream, dear?" she asked. "Or did I imagine it?"

"A scream, my dear?"

He was feeling better. His mind really had been playing the most absurd tricks all the evening. He was safely back, he had not lost a shoe in any nightmarish struggle, there was no blood or mud on them (he would deal with that strange matter in the morning), and there had not only been a scream—but another local murder. A woman's throat had been slit from ear to ear with a pocket knife, a police officer had told him.

But he didn't tell his wife. She might have dreams.

"I expect it was a cat," he told her comfortably, and he got into bed and slept solidly until morning.

But at the end of breakfast Primmer had something to announce.

". . . Excuse me, my Lord. That person is here again." He was about to add, nervously, that the person had this time literally forced his way in, but his Lordship seemed quite pleased.

"Ah," said his Lordship, "that person is just the person I want to see!"

Please turn to page 10

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Trouble in B Flat

By . . .

RICHARD ENGLISH

IT was exactly two o'clock when Mr. Josef Guttman, presiding cello of the Continental String Quartet, raised himself up on a plump elbow. Having baked under the blazing Los Angeles sun for forty minutes, he now looked moodily about the deserted roof of the King Towers.

He was about to turn over when, glancing down a row that should have looked like four whales on the half shell, he almost strangled. There was one stomach too many.

"What is?" he shrieked. "An extra stomach we have!"

His brothers sprang urgently to their feet. Josef, who had long since been given their sole rights to the English language, pointed a shaking finger.

"You see? From nowhere comes this skinny stomach!"

The wide-eyed party owning same shot bolt upright at that.

"Now, now," Mr. Ding-Dong Williams said nervously, "I just happened to have it with me."

If his explanation made little sense, neither did Mr. Williams. He was living proof that the jazz trade was quite right in referring to the King of Swing as a young man who ran more towards soul than brain. Now he gulped as the String Quartet stared at him.

"Ha, a fonny fellow, eh?" Mr. Guttman scowled. "Your name I want!"

"Williams," he said bleakly. "Ding-Dong Williams. I'm a clarinet myself."

"Ding-Dong! You think I do not onderstand English, you think you confuse me, no? How is it by us you sun bath?"

"Why, I came looking for you," Ding-Dong said. "You see, the desk told me you were up here and when sure enough you were, I just took off most of my clothes and waited. Next time I'll bring my swimming-trunks."

"Next time?" shrieked the cello. This so alarmed him he told all to his brothers. In Rumanian it sounded even worse.

"You," said Mr. Guttman, "maybe it is E-flat clarinet you play? In Paris we know two E-flat clarinets, both crazy."

"He's thinking of oboe players," Mr. Williams said politely. "Me. I never touch anything but a B-flat."

"Then good day. Never do we audition clarinets! Never!"

"But I didn't sneak in here for no tryout," Ding-Dong protested. "This is strictly a business visit!"

Mr. Guttman swelled. "Ha! You think the Continental String Quartet is interested in money? . . . How much you pay?"

His caller brightened. "Now we're getting somewhere. You see I—I thought that maybe while you were between dates you'd like to sit in with me."

He grew pale then, thinking of Angela. He just had to sell these fat parties or he was never going to be engaged. Miss Angela Jones had made it all too plain that they had no future together until he could provide some visible means of support.

Mr. Guttman beamed. "Continue. I listen. My brothers listen."

"It's like this," Mr. Williams said, "I—I'm tryin' to get engaged. But Angela keeps worrying that I'm not stable. And she says no self-respecting girl can go around getting engaged to anyone who just acts swing simple. She wants something solid and dignified, she says."

Mr. Guttman gave a polite Continental cluck.

Ding-Dong really let out the stops then. With his band opening at the Casino Gardens to-morrow night—movie stars, arc lights, the works—all Los Angeles would be there to see Mr. Ding-Dong Williams and his Dixieland Cats tear the building down. He did not add that there were usually riots.

"So I was thinkin'," he ended, "that if you four guys sat in with us I could even wear a tail-coat myself—you know, keep it elevated. I just gotta have you on the stand. Why, Angela thinks you're all there is. She catches all your concerts!"

A hasty consultation in Rumanian took place. The portly cello, looking horridly like his own instrument in trunks, smiled then.

"You can't go dragging him off to gaol just because he wasn't dead," cried Angela.

Please turn to page 31

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Pamela Patience . . I call those a *real* find

"The way you talk" says Pamela Patience, "anyone would think it was luck that got them for you, not my careful management. As a matter of fact, I waited and waited till I could get HORROCKSES flannelette for your pyjamas. You see, I know the HORROCKSES things. I know there's not a flannelette to touch HORROCKSES for softness, good looks and hard wear.

"Just now you can't always find HORROCKSES flannelette when you want it, but conditions are getting better, and gradually you will find more and more in the shops.

"But scarce or not" says Pamela Patience, "I know what's wise. WAIT TILL YOU CAN FIND HORROCKSES flannelette — and when you see it, BUY IT!"

Horrockses REGD

THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON AND TEXTILE FABRICS

flannelette

Hilmar

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.1. LONGCLOTH

The Judge

Continued from page 7

IT had been Mr. Justice Hilton's intention to have the odd shoe brought from the dressing-room cupboard, pair it with the odd shoe in the blackmailer's possession, and then summon the police. They would soon sort the matter out, and no doubt some elementary solution to the phenomenon would quickly be forthcoming.

But on entering the morning-room his Lordship had barely begun to glower at the little man with the grinning yellow teeth when he saw what the blackmailer was holding in his hand.

It was a bloodstained pocket knife bearing the embossed initials E.H.

"I promised I'd be keeping an eye on you, me Lord!" the little man said. "You don't seem to know what you're doing at these times—dropping things about. It's a bit dangerous. I was too far behind to save the poor woman last night. It was dark and wet, same as it was over our Alice that night. But to get to business. Shall we say five thousand pounds? I'm not in a really serious hurry for a day or two, sir, providing you keep indoors, nights, just until, eh?"

It was Primmer who found his Lordship on the morning-room floor. An attack of some kind. One of those mental blanks they talked about?

He telephoned the courts.

Lady Hilton and the doctor were in attendance upon his Lordship upstairs, and the midday papers, mentioning overwork and mental strain, were saying that Mr. Justice Hilton was "indisposed" and a notorious fraud case he was trying had to be postponed until he was better. It was either that or it would mean a new trial before another judge.

His Lordship, who made rather a large mound in bed, was understood to murmur that, although he felt a little better, it had better be the latter.

"You think you would like to go away, dear?" said his anxious wife at the bedside. "I'm so pleased. For a real rest . . ."

"Wait. On second thoughts, I . . . I can't."

"But you must, darling. Dr. Smithson thinks——"

"I can't help it. There's something important I must do."

"Isn't it anything I could do?"

"No, my dear. Only I can do it. That case yesterday," murmured his Lordship obtusely. "I must . . . reconsider it."

"Reconsider it? The jury seemed sure of his guilt, poor man, and you, yourself . . ."

"He was guilty," Mr. Justice Hilton told the pale ceiling. "I know that. But," he questioned strangely, "did he really know what he was doing at the time? The mind plays queer tricks, Marion."

"You're so human, dear," said Lady Hilton, pleased. He really was beginning to get so much more human and less harsh. Humanity, especially in a judge, was everything.

Yet he was queerly inhuman over the incident, later, concerning the chauffeur, Wilson. Primmer had discovered Wilson stealing and selling items of his Lordship's wardrobe, and to a most disreputable character.

She remembered the evening well, if only because of her husband's strange change of mood (he was still far from being his old self) from an almost jocund humor to most disproportionate anger.

He had just got home, pleasing her with the news that he had reduced a certain recent sentence from seven years to two, and she was able to tell him that there had just been an arrest in connection with the Regent's Park murders.

He had seemed strangely interested, his mouth opening slightly as he stood before the large fire.

And then Primmer came in about the chauffeur.

"I'm afraid we must dismiss him at once," Lady Hilton said to her husband, sounding grieved for all the sin in the world.

His lordship exploded: "Dismiss him? . . . We will have him arrested at once!" He pointed a trembling finger at Primmer. "Go and get a policeman."

"Yes, my Lord. Justice, er, certainly requires——"

"Get out and do as I say!"

"Yes, my Lord."

The door closed.

Lady Hilton was busy with some sewing. Poor Wilson, she thought. He'd only taken such a few things, like shoes, and pocket knives . . . It did seem a pity to start him on a prison career. Or had he already started one?

She peeped speculatively at her husband, on Wilson's behalf. Yet, strangely enough, something seemed to tell her that this was not a case in which she could intervene.

(Copyright)

Between the World and Love

Continued from page 4

NOT quite reaching Paula, the locket struck her knee, opened, and fell on to the hearth. The curl of hair fell into the ashes.

As she stooped quickly to retrieve the locket, Paula saw the curl lying in the smouldering embers. Suddenly it caught fire, thrust out a tongue of flame, and shrivelled. At that moment and without warning Paula met David's eyes, and it was then she knew what to do. She was clinging to the locket, and she did not speak, but she sat there, scarcely seeming to breathe, looking into his eyes.

She saw that David's expression had changed, and he was looking at her in a way she remembered from long ago—those dark eyes from which it had then seemed the love for her could never lapse.

Paula drew in her breath. It was no longer necessary to think. The irritation, the sense of guilt that had oppressed her lifted from her spirit. Only one thing remained—David wanted her again.

In a moment, she was on her feet, walking towards him, the locket held in her outstretched hand. David came to meet her. His eyes holding hers, he took the locket, slipping it into his pocket with one hand, while his other hand held her wrist.

In the long silence that followed Nick stirred uneasily in his chair and finally, with a shrugging motion, got to his feet.

"Well, that's that. I think I'll be running along," he said coldly.

David made no reply, and still did not take his eyes from Paula.

"Good-bye, Nick," Paula said, as if she spoke from another world. "Good-bye."

It was as if Nick's leaving had been a signal for which David had waited.

"Look," he said fiercely. "I had forgotten you, forgotten you even before I left here. I had put you away from me. You didn't seem to want to love me. You didn't seem to understand that love compels you to choose between the world and it—and that love is jealous, exclusive, isolating. Before I left here it was all over between us. But now——"

He gestured fiercely about the room. "Without you all this is no good. Why am I so long in seeing it?" His voice was filled with wonder.

"Because I was a fool," Paula said. "Because I couldn't grow up and be satisfied to have my adventures at home, alone with you. Instead, I thought you were shutting my love out when you closed the library door. And I thought you'd collected me as you'd collected everything else."

David put his hands on her shoulders and drew her to him.

"Don't ever leave me again," she said. "Never!"

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Clothes can ruin the woman

It's true. The same lovely dress that enhances your physical charm may catch and hold perspiration odour, and spoil it all.

Stop this threat by using the new fast-acting snowy-white Cream Odorono. It does not irritate the skin (not even after shaving) and does not harm the finest fabric.

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Beecham's Pills

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Designs from Jacques Fath . . .

Presented by . . . .
MARY HORDERN

★ *Jacques Fath is the newest designer in Paris. His styles are considered extreme, but conservative houses follow him, sometimes as long as two years after his creations are shown. He designs his clothes direct on beautiful mannequins.*

● Yellow-and-grey floral silk (right) is draped to one side of the skirt, the full folds forming a sort of pouch. This line is repeated on the bodice on the opposite side to the skirt fullness, and neck cut low to reveal froth of embroidered organdie.

● The full skirt of this black chiffon frock is laced to the bodice with green taffeta. Through a border of black lace shows the vivid green underskirt, which is lightly veiled with the black chiffon. The whole delightful picture is set off with green taffeta gloves and taffeta sash.

● This frock has flared skirt, joined to the tight bodice with a band of coarse white lace or broderie anglaise. Magyar sleeves are set on to the gathered camisole bodice with the same insertion, and finished with velvet bow.

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Guide him *safely* through his first summer . . .

If baby cannot be fed naturally, his first summer brings special problems and dangers. His food must be safe from all risk of contamination by dust and germs, and must contain the nutritional elements needed for steady, healthy development. Both these conditions are best fulfilled by Lactogen.

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Use Vi-Lactogen for the younger babe, Lactogen as baby grows older.

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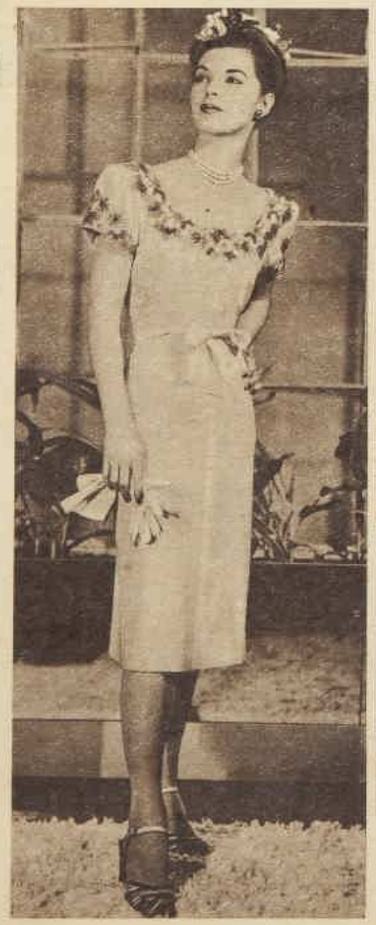
Embroidery
... says New York

● White lace flowers, complete sprays of eyelet-embroidery on bodice and skirt of this pale blue rayon party frock.



● Gold sequins are used to give Grecian effect to Adele Simpson's side-draped dinner dress in white crepe.

● Pink and fuchsia embroidered flowers, centred with sequins, edge the scooped-out neckline and sleeves of Salina's white rayon frock.

● Beauvais embroidery in multi-colors touched with sequins trims another simply cut white dress for summer.

More beautiful than ever . . . in

Velva Beauty Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer-textured beauty that trims the ankle—slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Beauty Film with bathing suits or shorts; it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

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STEP INTO LOVELINESS WITH YOUR 3-DIMENSIONAL Berlei

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This season, Fashion conspires to make you extra-lovely. The new styles demand a pretty bust, a dainty waist, and a rounded hip-line . . . all fascinatingly feminine. Berlei's exclusive Three-Dimensional Fitting (harmonising the proportions of your bust, waist and hips) will give you contour, and allure. Will *underline* your frocks and suits, beautifully . . . Berlei, your foundation of beauty.

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HATS that grow on Trees

● Real plants make the hats on this page, designed by Mrs. Paul Ochiltree, of Florida, U.S.A. Foundation for this model is the large, leathery leaf of the seagrape tree lacquered black, with white lacquered bracken as trimming

● Gold bronze paint on a seagrape leaf makes a cocktail model, trimmed with a calyx "rose" of coconut fibre. Lacquer or paint makes these hats "permanent," but others can be improvised for an occasion.

● The coconut fibre found wrapped round the base of coconut palm fronds was scrubbed, pressed, and moulded in one piece into this chamois-colored chapeau trimmed with brown coconut calyx "roses."

● Three smaller seagrape leaves were finished with a clear varnish and curled at the edges for this hat. The varnish was also applied to the dark brown coconut fibre "roses."

● Schinus berries (our pepper tree) top this model. The seagrape-leaf base was lacquered the same color. Designer of these hats also uses the leaves of the staghorn for hat-making, trims them with orchids, bougainvillea, or oleander.

● A small Florida air-plant as trimming. The air-plant resembles the crinum, which belongs to the lily family. Many Australian plants and flowers would lend themselves to hat-making.

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did *you* PROTEX yourself this morning?

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TYPICAL SCENERY of the Roper River district, where E. J. Connellan will have one of his camps. Ant-hills are one of the famed sights of this country. Tourists will be flown to the camps from Alice Springs, where Northern Territory Airways Service has its headquarters.

AT ALICE SPRINGS. Dorothy Adamson (left) and Ethel Clough (centre) talk to Claudie Desailly before setting out on a flight. Miss Desailly is now in Adelaide, where she will do the same type of publicity as the other two girls will do in Melbourne and Sydney.

Airman plans hunting camps in Nth. Territory

Two girls will have job as his tourist agents for wild outback

BY BETTY NESBIT

In the past two months two girls have flown thousands of miles through the Northern Territory with the pilots of the Connellan Northern Territory Airways Service.

They are Dorothy Adamson and Ethel Clough, of Alice Springs, and they have been learning all about the Territory so that they can spend the next few years of their lives telling people about it.

VERY shortly these two girls will be behind desks in tourist agencies in Sydney and Melbourne booking names for holidays in camps at the Roper River Valley on the edge of wild and uncivilised Arnhem Land or at Timber Creek, 160 miles from Wyndham, Australia's northern cattle-shipping port.

And with the first name to go down on the list, E. J. Connellan, 34-year-old pilot, and proprietor of the world's longest aerial mail route, will be realising an ambition which he has been dreaming about for the past seven years.

The war, in which he flew his own service as a civil pilot with an honorary commission in the R.A.A.F., interrupted his plans to open two tourist resorts in the wild outback of Australia.

His work for the R.A.A.F. included jobs like studying the country to pick sites for Army camps near artesian water.

He is a wizard when it comes to water divining from the air. He can pick a place where water is likely to be found from the type of vegetation and the rock formations.

He also flew regular mail to Darwin for the troops, and bags of silver which were smuggled across to Timor for the commandos there.

He had already done a stout piece of 20th century pioneering with the development of his aerial mail, freight, and passenger service, but tourist resorts were, to his way of thinking, the only way of ever really opening up the rich country of the Territory.

As soon as the war ended he started his plans for providing the sort of tourist entertainment that overseas tourists are always complaining we don't cater for.

This includes crocodile hunting, buffalo shooting, and seeing life in the big outback stations.

Connellan isn't expressly planning his camps for overseas tourists. He thinks that Australians don't know enough about the Territory.

Getting people interested in it and making them want to explore it is the self-imposed but enthralling mission in his life.

From the time in 1939 when he went to Alice Springs to start his air service he realised its tourist trade possibilities once air travel had conquered distance and time.

On all his long flights to Wyndham and back, to Camooweal, Boroloola, to the Roper River Valley and across to Darwin, he was constantly seeking the areas which he considered would make the best camps.

He finally chose Timber Creek, 90 miles inland, the extreme navigable point of the Victoria River. The country here is semi-tropical, rich land set in flat-topped, timbered hills, a few miles from Victoria River Downs, probably the world's largest cattle station.

The second site at the Roper River he picked for its broad, untouched beauty and abundance of game for hunting. To reach it the tourists will fly over rugged and inaccessible country.

The camps will not be luxury ones. Tourists will sleep on stretchers under canvas.

Bush menu

FOOD will be in the true Australian bush tradition, with emphasis on grills cooked over an open fire, damper, billy tea, salt horse (corned beef), and fish, which the holiday-maker will probably have caught himself.

At the camp at Timber Creek, which is from 7 to 12 hours' flying time from Alice Springs, according to the route, expeditions across to the Auvergne station, owned by the Durack family, will be arranged.

At the station tourists will see the aboriginal station hands doing their work of mustering, branding, and breaking-in horses.

They will also be able to fish for barramundi, a long, fast-swimming fish like a barracouta, and, apart from the trout, Australia's only inland game fish.

There will also be wild goose shooting, as well as crocodile hunting and buffalo shooting.

PIONEER AVIATOR. Youthful E. J. Connellan, owner of Northern Territory Airways Service, is now planning to open novel holiday camps in Territory.

With aboriginal guides they will visit native camping grounds and see ritual ceremonies and corroborees. The Timber Creek camp will be quite near to the hunting grounds of the Fitzmaurice and Mogul tribes.

The tourists will be flown from Alice Springs to either of the camps and en route they will see something of the work that the Connellan Airways Service carries out.

They will quite likely be fellow passengers with a prospector being flown out to his camp, and they will meet the men and women who live on the lonely cattle stations when the plane lands on a home-made airstrip to deliver mail and freight.

On another route they will fly to Ayers Rock, one of the sights of the Territory. Nearby is the supposed burial place of the explorer Lasseter.

People can do the trips without staying in camps. They can do the round flight and spend leisure time at Alice Springs, where they will stay at the former A.A.M.W.S. barracks.

They can also do short trips of one day each over the McDonnell and Hartz Ranges and Palm Valley.

The most expensive item of this outback holiday will be plane fares, which will be about £40 from Alice Springs to either Roper River or Timber Creek.

The tariff at the camps will be about £16/10/- for a fortnight, and this will include the hire of all hunting gear, boats, and horses.

With plane travel it will be possible for a tourist to leave Sydney and arrive four days later at one of the camps.

The sort of clothes the tourists should take, what the climate is like, what type of accommodation will be provided for them, how long the trip will take, and any other details will be explained to them by the two girls in Sydney and Melbourne.

And if there is anything they don't know it won't be E. J. Connellan's fault.

On the days the girls weren't flying they sat in his office listening to him talk about the Territory.

Three times a week he gave lectures in the hangar, illustrating them with his own color movies shown on the white wall of the hangar.

Between the two of them they have taken down hundreds of pages of shorthand notes of valuable background knowledge of the country they intend to publicise.

It took Connellan a long time to pick out two girls suitable for this job. They had to combine intelligence, attractive looks, and bright manners.

More than anything else they had to be as well and truly sold on the Northern Territory as he is.

Both girls are in their early twenties.

Dark-haired Dorothy Adamson is 21. She was born in Adelaide, and came to the Territory to live with her parents when she was six weeks old.

Knows country

HER father was in the P.M.G.'s Department, and was postmaster at Alice Springs. She had early schooling in Alice Springs, and then went to school in Adelaide.

She went back to Alice Springs in 1940, and hasn't been away since.

She had her first job at the E.S. and A. Bank, and then transferred to the Commonwealth.

Through her work in the bank she knows most of the Territory's inhabitants, but during the flights she has been meeting the people who have been just a signature to her.

She has two ambitions at the moment. One is to be able to pilot a plane (which she is learning to do), and the other is to go to Europe.

Her colleague, Ethel Clough, is 22, and she was born at Wodonga, in Victoria. She has lived in Alice Springs, where her father has had his headquarters as a Pastoral Field Officer since 1940.

She learned a great deal about the Territory as secretary to the then Administrator of the Territory, Mr. Abbott. She travelled round with him, and also worked in Darwin.

When Mr. Abbott completed his term of office she became the secretary of the Alice Springs Hospital.

She is also learning to fly, and one of the Connellan pilots, Sam Calder (who recently married Daphne Campbell, of "Overlanders" fame), is her instructor.

Ethel is a genuine outdoor girl.

She owns an old car, which she drives on one-woman shooting trips, she owns and trains several racehorses, which have been most successful in the local race meetings, and is an expert golfer.

Her ambition is to write a book about the Territory.

Both she and Dorothy are wondering, however, how they will take to city dwelling after their life in the wide open spaces.

That is the only one drawback, so they think, to their unusual jobs as unofficial ambassadresses for the Northern Territory.

N.S.W.

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Editorial

JANUARY 11, 1947

EVERYBODY CAN HELP

IN this issue, two pages of pictures show ex-service men and women at work or in training for the new careers they have chosen since demobilisation.

These are only a representative handful of the thousands who have taken advantage of the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme. Through this scheme the nation as a whole is trying to fulfil its obligations to men who set aside their hopes for a personal future in time of national danger.

But Government aid is not all that's needed. The citizen's obligation does not end with his contribution to the Loans that help to pay for such schemes.

The Government cannot do more than train men and women for new vocations, and help launch them. The public must employ them and patronise and encourage their enterprise, if their rehabilitation is to be lasting.

Preference to servicemen is an important part of postwar legislation. But the individual's willingness to co-operate can be an even more vital factor.

The employer who, knowing that a malaria sufferer will need many days of sick leave, still engages him, and accepts that disadvantage uncomplainingly, is making a definite contribution.

So is the customer who ignores the moodiness of a salesman or shopkeeper wearing a returned badge.

In fact, if every citizen made a resolution to find some way to help a returned man or woman this year their efforts, combined with preference and rehabilitation schemes, would solve the most important of all postwar problems.

Smuggling days are back again in England

Radioed from our London office by BILL STRUTTON

Those romantic eighteenth century days when smugglers' signals winked from the sea and cargoes of rum were brought silently ashore at night to some secret cave are coming back to England.

A tide of modern young bravos back from the wars are turning to smuggling for fresh adventure.

AND the Goverment, which coached so many of them in the delicate arts of sneaking into alien coves past vigilant enemy coast patrols, may regret having been so thoroughly instructive.

But already some of these new freebooters have got rusty on their training and have fallen prisoners of the law.

Ex-Marine commando Alan Smith, for example, who loaded a little fishing boat at Boulogne, across the Channel, with some choice out highly dutiable wines, champagne, brandy, and various liqueurs.

The first hitch in his private "Operation Hooch" occurred when he reached a dark rendezvous on the south-east coast of England and crawled about to reconnoitre for the van which was to meet him.

It wasn't there.

Lacking a real smuggler's cave, he hid his 102 bottles in a disused gunpit. Next night he blacked his face in true commando style, crawled cautiously back to the gunpit, peeped in.

This time his liquor wasn't there.

The romance of smuggling for Commando Smith faded when his bottles vanished.

In court next day a modern swashbuckler didn't swashbuckle, but only said sadly, "I shall never do it again."

But for many of his comrades there still exists the illusion that modern smuggling is romantic and easy.

As if to encourage this illusion, the Admiralty recently sold off a lot of its high-speed naval launches to the public.

They are ideal for a quick dash across the English Channel to France and back with a load of perfumes, spirits, cosmetics, and hosiery for the black market.

To swell their experienced waterguard, the Customs are recruiting a lot of ex-soldiers to catch ex-soldiers. They, too, have a taste for adventure, but also a stronger sense of right and wrong.

Their latest hauls have included some strange contraband.

A bomber from the Continent taxied in to a stop with its bomb-bays just slightly open. Inside was a complete yacht.

Another bomber opened its doors at night and a French racehorse trotted out.

A Czech Army convoy coming into England was stopped and searched, and even hardened Customs officers gaped at the Aladdin's Cave of treasure it yielded.

It totalled 60,000 pieces of jewellery destined for a vast black-market combine. Now it is under guard in a London warehouse while police proceed with international investigations.

All methods and all hiding-places are known to the Customs. They are taciturn and say, "We don't publish our knowledge, because we don't want the smuggler to know what we know."

Heading the up-to-date fleet they are collecting to combat modern cross-Channel smuggling is the ex-minesweeper Vigilant, fitted with radar which can be adapted to their work of patrolling and observing.

And if they can't catch the faster motor boats, a message flashed to the shore guards ensures a reception for the smugglers.

For the shore guards know every boat, every cove, every local habit on their stretch of coast, and any irregular movement makes them very curious.

In war the Customs men themselves turn smugglers. Some of the cleverest brains among them applied all their science and experience to devising fresh means of smuggling papers through agents into occupied Europe.

Their efficiency and rigid control bear a striking contrast with the lawless blood-and-thunder days of smuggling when it was at its height 200 years ago.

They were romantic days, but solely from the smugglers' point of view; or from ours, who stand happily at a safe distance from them.

For those olden smugglers come to us tinted by courtesy of period fiction with the warmth of romance and chivalry and humor which they rarely possessed.

To anybody of those times they were a scourge infesting the coasts of Kent and Sussex who terrorised the townsfolk, tortured and murdered Customs officers, and got away with it scot-free because those who dared inform against them vanished mysteriously.

Austerity was to blame, then as now, for the wave of smuggling. The difference is that in those days the smugglers prospered.

All cargoes from overseas had first to be landed at London for duty. Roads leading to the outlying towns were in a shocking state with turnpikes every seven miles extracting a toll to further discourage road transport. And countryfolk starved for the Empire's finery.

Bands numbering up to 200, like Kent's notorious Hawkesworth gang, landed their contraband lace, fine cambric, rum, and soices, and sold them almost on the spot.

If they didn't fulfil their boast to kill a Customs man on sight, they beat him up and imprisoned him till they had landed their contraband and disposed of it.

To-day the position is reversed and the Customs officer, a soul drilled in courtesy, inspires unnecessary fear in the Continental tripper.

He arms himself with the equipment of a skilled burglar when he boards a ship. One officer showed me his kit of lemmies, screwdrivers, borers, a length of sensitive wire which probes behind bulkheads and signals any strange obstructions, a deadly-looking rapier he unsheathes from an ordinary cane stick to slip into cargoes like coal.

"My touch has so developed," he said, "that I can tell in an instant if any other material besides coal lies underneath."

Then he added with a touch of pride, "There's no one in the world who can search a ship like a British Customs man."

His biggest recent haul had been five hundredweight of opium from a ship which docked at Liverpool from the East.

Now opium is worth £100 sterling a pound. In its unprepared state it looks like fine-ground coffee or rich dirt, so Asiatic crews think it's easy to disguise.

When a huge liner like the Queen Mary docks at Southampton there are literally hundreds of passengers rehearsing silently how they will behave to slip through with untaxed nylons, jewellery, cosmetics, cigars.

A Customs officer recently became suspicious of the careful manner in which a fashionably dressed lady was holding her muff.

When he looked inside a French poodle pup leered drunkenly at him.

To stop his whining while she avoided the quarantine restrictions on dogs, she had plied him with drink until he had fallen into a contented stupor.

But they are up against expert psychologists, who invariably pick the right man for a thorough examination.

He might be too friendly, or too casual, or too confidential, or too hardboiled and seasoned a traveller, or nervous in a different way from the novice traveller who looks pop-eyed with innocent fright at the mere sight of the Customs examination.

They observe quietly hundreds of tale-telling indications.

Even those who pride themselves on their individualism are to them "types" who have repeated themselves endlessly before, no matter how they act.

If remoteness of time gives the romantic coloring to to-day's postwar buccaneers, it will be possible for generations a hundred years hence to claim with pride:

"You know, my grandfather's grandfather was a famous black-marketeer. He made his fortune trading in clothing coupons. Oh, yes—there's quite a romance in our family history!"

Birdseed is rich contraband to-day

THE most precious contraband run to England to-day is birdseed.

Austerity decrees it is unessential and still a forbidden import while ships are scarce.

But smugglers quickly found that lonely old ladies who despaired of keeping their pet parrots and canaries alive were willing to scrape the bottom of their money jugs and pay up to fifty times the normal price for millet seed.

Interesting People

MRS. FLORENCE PATON

. . . first woman chairman

FIRST woman to be nominated as a chairman in the British House of Commons, Mrs. Florence Paton, Member for Bushcliffe (Nottingham), was formerly a schoolteacher and has a good memory for names and faces. This is a great asset for chairmen in the House, who must be able to name the 640 Members of Parliament, as well as having a wide knowledge of Parliamentary procedure in order to preside over standing committees. Her husband is Member for Norwich.

SERGEANT TED BLAKE

. . . male "sister"

FORSAKING prewar job as draughtsman at Victoria Barracks, Melbourne, Ted Blake has taken up nursing as career after over six years as a medical orderly with ambulance units, camp hospitals. Says: "Even prewar I liked caring for sick, was member of St. John Ambulance Brigade. Hope to work at Repatriation Hospital with men, as I've never worked with women." Was first army-trained male nurse to pass Nurses' Board Exam.

MISS E. HARVIE

. . . architect, accountant, painter

SPECIALIST in hospital planning and administration, Miss E. Harvie, A.R.I.B.A., is only woman in Australia elected a Fellow of Royal Victorian Institute of Architects. Has helped in building or improving hospitals all over Australia. Worked for ten years with other members of her firm on Royal Melbourne Hospital. Qualified as Associate of Commonwealth Institute of Accountants so that she could control financial statements and accounts on this job. Landscape painting is her favorite hobby.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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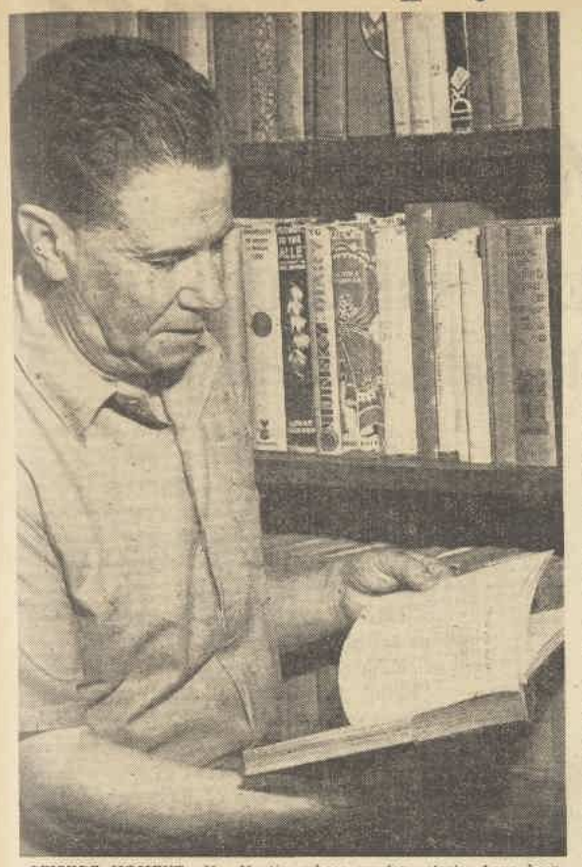
Crime does pay—if you write books about it



LEISURE MOMENT: Mr. Martin, whose mystery stories have been best sellers in America, collects books, too. This is one of the many bookcases in his home.

Australian's novels now read in six languages

Archie Martin, the modest little man whose first novel, "Common People," won the £1000 prize in The Australian Women's Weekly novel contest in 1941, has just had another literary success.

He has won a third prize in the famous Ellery Queen short story competition in America to which mystery writers from all over the world are invited to send manuscripts.

THE title of Mr. Martin's story is "Valda, You've Five Minutes."

The judges for this contest were Ellery Queen, top-ranking mystery writer; Christopher Morley, who wrote "Kitty Foyle;" and Howard Haycraft, critic and author of "Murder for Pleasure" and "The Most Authoritative History of the Detective Story."

In between these two successes Mr. Martin has been busily making a name for himself as an author, both in America and Australia.

His two novels, "Common People" and "Old Sinners," which were both submitted to our contest, have become best sellers in America.

The title "Common People" was changed to "The Outsiders" for the American market, as his publishers, Simon and Schuster, explained that "Common People" was not a good selling title.

"Americans don't like to read about 'common people'," they told him.

His third novel, "Death in the Limelight," is another best seller in the States. His fourth, "The Misplaced Corpse," has just been published in Australia, and he is in the middle of writing his fifth novel.

His dog story, "Callaghan's Miracle," was bought by one of America's leading magazines, "Collier's."

"Old Sinners" has been translated into Swedish, Danish, and French, "Death in the Limelight" into Swedish and Norwegian, and "Common People" into Spanish, Danish, and Norwegian.

Not bad going for a man who wrote his first novel only five years ago, when he decided to enter The Australian Women's Weekly contest.

He dashed off "Common People" in six weeks when his son Jack said, "Why don't you write a book, Dad?"

"Old Sinners" took longer—seven months.

Of course, he has been busy on other things. He turned publisher, and published a series a detective books for boys and girls.

He has now taken up script writing for the radio, and shortly his comedy serial, "What a Racket," the story of four highly unsuccessful and ineffectual crooks, will be broadcast on a national hook-up.

But he didn't really mean to take up radio writing.

It all happened about 1 a.m. a few months ago when his telephone rang, waking him from a sound sleep.

It was George Edwards, the radio producer.

"I've just finished reading 'Old Sinners,'" said George. "It's really one of those books about which they say 'You can't put it down till it's finished.'

"Why don't you take up radio writing?"

Archie explained that he had been rather busy and hadn't thought of it.

"Come in and see me in the morning," said George.

Archie did, adapted "Old Sinners" for a radio serial, wrote "Myra," another radio serial (now running), and then "What a Racket."

George later told him that it was the first time he had ever seen his typists stop work to laugh as they typed out copies of the script of "What a Racket."

Archie Martin has certainly lived up to his philosophy of starting something new every seven years.

"That's long enough to be in any rut," he said.

Up till now he has been a newspaperman, a land agent, prizefight promoter, owner-manager of a picture show, theatrical entrepreneur, publicity agent, short story writer, and novelist.

As theatrical entrepreneur he travelled through England and Europe booking acts for Australian theatres.

"I mostly concentrated on freaks," he said.

"On one tour I got a fat man. He weighed 56 stone, and I had to pay two fares for him in the ship.

"I also got a dwarf. He measured only 22 inches, but the shipping company refused to make any reduction on account of his small size, which I thought was rather unfair.

"There was also a giantess. She was eight feet tall, a timid young girl. The great problem with her was the laundry bill, which was three times the bill for any normal person.

"There was a miniature donkey, and he used to travel with the 56-stone man in the guard's van whenever we went by train anywhere."

AUTHOR AT HOME. Mr. Archie Martin in the garden of his home at Roseville, Sydney, with his wife and granddaughter Susan and Benjy the dog, who obliges with a begging trick.

Much of the background of "Common People," a story of sideshows and freaks, comes from Mr. Martin's familiarity with circus people and their like.

He brought one of the first of the famous German Ufa films to Australia.

It was an early documentary called "The Golden Road," and was a great success in Australia.

"It bought my home for me," he said.

"I wanted to send the film to New Zealand, but it was censored there because of some dancers in it who were scantily clad—in fact, hardly clothed at all."

If you ask Archie Martin what his secret for literary success is, he'll tell you:

"Sitting firmly down on a chair and writing.

"I don't believe in inspiration and that stuff. It's just sheer hard work," he said.

His travels and dealings with people in all kinds of trades and professions have given him an enormous variety of people to work on in his novels, but he has not consciously based any one character on anyone he has known.

Plots and characters

"FOR instance, the American ham actor who is the leading character in 'Death in the Limelight' is a mixture of a lot of actors I've known," he said.

"With plots, I find they evolve with the development of the characters.

"When I started 'Common People' I wrote this paragraph:

"'I close my eyes and peer again through the tiny window of my post office to see Larry Ward's laughing, impudent face, and Timothy Speck, the blind man, his wife Helen; Garnet Price with his fierce black eyes, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his riding breeches, a whip looped over his arm; and Sam Cotter, with his pointed grey beard, and Eileen Mahony, so lovely on that March morning I can never forget.'"

"I looked at what I had written and had a cup of tea.

"Just what those characters would do I hadn't the faintest idea, but at the end of seven months they all got themselves into a novel."

The author lives in a charming house in a tree-lined street in Roseville, a Sydney suburb, with his wife, son Jim, and daughter-in-law and granddaughter, Susan.

His eldest son, Jack, was killed while flying with the R.A.A.F. overseas.

He collects pictures and books. The house is full of them. There is a bookcase built into every spare piece of wall.

"I do not like gardening, except watering the flowers, and I have no hobbies at all," he says firmly.

"And I really don't know why anyone wanted to interview me."

Round-the-world tour was one long search for steak

To some people a trip round the world would be the realisation of a lifetime ambition, but to 35-year-old New Zealander James Corkill it turned out to be one long search after "a decent steak."

THINNER, browner, and temporarily cured of his wanderlust, Mr. Corkill is back after his one-year world tour to marry the girl of his choice and settle down in New Zealand.

"I set off with a lot of romantic ideals about the color of the Orient and the glamor of the Continent, but I found most places dingy, overcrowded, and lacking even one decent restaurant. I'm glad to be back home," he said.

Mr. Corkill was manager of the Empire Fruit Services, Limited, before the war, and joined the Royal New Zealand Air Force as a radar operator in the Solomons.

"Like a lot of other chaps, I couldn't settle down after being discharged, so I decided to spend £1000 on seeing as much of the world as I could," he said.

He went to South America, England, France, Sicily, Egypt, India, and Singapore on his round-the-world trip, which came out just under the £1000 mark.

His original plan had been to go to England from New Zealand, but this received a sudden alteration as soon as the ship arrived at Panama.

"I learned from an officer on the ship that a fellow Digger was in Panama gaol, cooling his heels on a vagrancy charge, so I bailed him out for £50," he said.

The Digger turned out to be a young Adelaide ex-serviceman, also suffering from wanderlust, who had been hitch-hiking through America when the country's severe vagrancy laws caught up with him.

"He was keen to get to England, and so back home, so I gave him my berth on the ship, and decided to start my world tour from Panama," Mr. Corkill said.

"From there I went through Argentina to Cuba, and so on to England."

Argentina, with its gay night-life, came up to expectations, but he was appalled by the shortages in England, where the food ration "wasn't enough to feed a sparrow."

"Everywhere I went the people seemed to have a fairly adequate food supply, except for England, where you waited two and three hours to get into a Lyons Corner House," he said.

Paris is expensive

FROM England Mr. Corkill went to France, from which "he got out very smartly."

"If I'd stayed in Paris more than four days I would have gone through the rest of my £1000, for prices were terribly high," he said.

"You can buy anything you want on the open black market—nylons, silk stockings, and I even saw New Zealand apples selling there.

"But you wouldn't see an apple in England from one year to the next."

From France he went to Sicily, and on to Egypt, where he found Cairo most unromantic, and marked by filth and squalor.

"I struck a lot of Diggers in my travels, but no other travellers, for there was no one silly enough to be travelling round the world at the time I did," he said.

From Egypt he flew to Karachi, India, where he stayed four months, travelling round with some members of the R.A.F. stationed there.

The padre at Karachi, Squadron-Leader Padre Henderson, is specially flying down from India in February to marry Mr. Corkill and his fiancee, Miss Pat Bragg, an Irish-born New Zealander.

"Labor is dirt cheap in India, typists in offices there working six days a week for 20 rupees, which wouldn't be more than about £2," he said.

"I visualised India as colorful and romantic, but I found it dirty and crowded. The National Anthem of India seems to be 'Buckshee, Sahib.'

"There were riots everywhere in India, with dead lying in gutters for four days sometimes."

Looking back on his trip, Mr. Corkill has these observations to make:

France, Sicily, and Argentina were the only places he struck where you could buy steak tasting like steak.

Until you see other places you don't realise how well off you are at home.

Mr. Corkill spent two days in Sydney, which he had never visited before, and has some comments to make on this, too.

"Although I've seen almost every capital city in the world, Sydney is the loneliest I've ever been in," he said. "You were sure of interest and courtesy in other places, but Sydney people are downright rude."

When he was in London, Australians had looked him up as soon as they heard a New Zealander was there, and in India two Diggers travelled 12 miles to see him.

"Kiwis and Aussies were such good friends overseas that I looked on Australia practically as being home, but I was lonelier in Sydney than in any other place in the world."

Mr. Corkill's parting advice to those intending to go overseas is to think it over carefully.

"I wouldn't advise anyone to try it for the next five years," he said.

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HARSH REMEDIES get their results by "shocking" your system into action. These unnatural methods frequently call for increased dosage from month to month. They tend to aggravate — never to ease — your condition.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune is awaiting Capricornians, Virgoans, and Taurians now, provided they can guard against certain failings which may stand in the way.

Fear and hesitancy can prove the bugbear of Capricornians and Virgoans, while Taurians often do not reach desired goals through laziness.

These groups should seek the things they want with confidence, but Librans, Arians, and Cancerians should live cautiously for a while.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my asrological review for the week—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Dodge changes and accidents now, especially on Jan. 7, 8 (early), 12 (late), 13, and 14. Be wise and patient.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A good week, if careful. Jan. 7 (to 5 p.m.), 8, 9, and 10 (early) poor, but 10 (evening), 11, 12, 13 (except midday period), and 14 can be very helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Unspectacular times now. Jan. 10, 11, and 12 (to noon) poor, but 12 (evening), 13 (to dusk), and 14 (except 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A week for wisdom, so avoid quarrels, new ventures, and change. Jan. 8, 10 (near sunset), 13 (late), 13, and 14 all difficult.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Ordinary affairs are best now, but complete urgent matters soon. Jan. 8 (noon to 8 p.m.) fair, 9 tricky, 10 poor. Jan. 13 (to dusk) quite helpful.

"Now, now—let's forget our fear of snakes for a minute."

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Go after promotion, changes, and new contracts now. Jan. 7 (to midday) adverse, then fair, 8 (to 4 p.m.) helpful, 10 (evening), 11, and 12 (to 6 p.m.) good.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Beware indiscretions and worries now, especially on Jan. 7, 8 (early), 12 (late), 13, and 14. Routine work advised.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Modest opportunities for advancement. Jan. 7, 8 (to 3 p.m.), 11, and 12 (to 6 p.m.) all helpful, rest of week poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Routine work proves most satisfactory now. Jan. 8 (to 4 p.m.) fair, 9 tricky, 13 (to 8 p.m.) and 14 (except sunset hours) helpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Opportunity week for most Capricornians, but it has its difficulties. Jan. 7 adverse, 10 (noon to 5 p.m.) good, 11 excellent, 12 (to 3 p.m.) very helpful. Rest of week tricky.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Plan ahead, for better weeks soon. Meanwhile Jan. 11, 12 (after 3 p.m.), 13, and 14 (except dusk) can prove very good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Jan. 7 (to 4 p.m.) adverse, 8 (to 3 p.m.) good, 10, 11, and 12 mildly upsetting. Jan. 13 (to 4 p.m.) and 14 helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-8.
SUGAR: 81 and 82.
BUTTER: 5-7 (till Feb. 2).
MEAT: Black 8-11, till Feb. 2 (12-14 also available Jan. 19); green, 9 and 11 (12, 13 also available Jan. 19).
CLOTHING: Z37-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 (current).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are on a ranch in New Mexico, which belongs to
DONNA: A beautiful girl whose life is saved twice by Mandrake, who asks her why two men should want to kill her. She explains that ever since she inherited her ranch she has had trouble, and that the ranch is haunted by a two-headed monster. Her would-be murderers are
HARKER: A daring cattleman, and
STEVE: His faithful assistant. When they find Mandrake on the ranch they try to kill him. Harker challenges him to ride a buck-jumper; but Mandrake gestures and the horse appears to be immobilised. NOW READ ON:

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You CAN be Beautiful

Learn how to make the most of yourself from this beautifully produced book

"Be Beautiful"

BY JEAN CLELAND

Published by "The Australian Women's Weekly"

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Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 5

LORNA grew to know that her father would put her into school in whatever country they happened to be visiting, and she would not see him again for anything from six months to a year.

When he returned for her, they would move on again to a new town or a new country. Always a different place. His restlessness was phenomenal.

She knew that they travelled incognito much of the time. That was quite natural for, as her father had explained, an art dealer is constantly bedevilled by amateurs who think they are unsung masters. In fact, Lorna had encountered a few of them and ever after she had understood her father's reasoning.

Lorna knew of herself that she had been born in London, that she had been educated sporadically at schools in Switzerland, in Italy, in England, and at last, after much persuasion on her part, her father had consented to the conservatorium in Paris.

There was not really much to know about herself. During the times she was not at school she was in a hotel somewhere, waiting for her father to come back from wherever he had gone.

She wondered now, looking back, what she had done with her time during the interminable hours of his art dealing. A few hours of study with a governess, some reading, her music; walking in the hotel gardens talking casually with hotel guests. She had met so many people, had seen and heard and studied so many, yet knew so few.

Out of it all, there were left only vague fragments of memory, fading faster in the solid reality of her life here with Tim.

She knew that there were gaps in the picture of her past. It had not mattered for a long time. When she was young, these gaps used to puzzle her, but since she had grown up, since Tim, there were no puzzling questions to answer. There was Tim and her own home, and her place here.

But before that there had been many things to puzzle her, and she tried now to recall some.

She had never questioned her father's restlessness, for she had never known him any other way, but she had often wondered why it was that if he had loved her mother so deeply he had not kept one single thing of hers for himself or for Lorna, not even a snapshot.

As she grew older she sometimes wondered why it was that her father seemed to be so rich, yet did not own a home.

Once, when she had been unhappy at school because there had been so much Christmas talk about mothers and about homes, Lorna had asked her father if he were not lonely. She had suggested that she was old enough now to keep a home for him; she thought he must find it dull, moving about from place to place constantly.

He had said that he would die of boredom living in the same place all the time; and something in that had hurt Lorna, had given her the hopeless feeling that she was never to have a home. She never mentioned the idea to him again.

When she was eight or nine a curious thing had happened; a thing for which she had never found any explanation. There had been a woman in a park somewhere . . . was it Rome? Alexandria? Lorna could never quite remember.

All she remembered was being in a park with her father one day. He was sitting on a seat in the shade while Lorna was playing on the path, bouncing a tennis ball.

She remembered how the woman had come along the path, a lovely woman in frilly black and white clothes; how she stopped short when she saw Lorna's father and cried out, "Bruce!"

Lorna's father turned his head then and saw her, stood up, and took off his hat.

"Lydia," he acknowledged her with a slight bow.

"Bruce, I thought you were dead," she said. "That train smash in France . . . I read it in the Paris papers."

Her father smiled, but there was no laughter in his smile.

"The papers made a mistake. We . . . I was in the smash, but I was not killed. As you see!"

The woman sat down on the seat as though her legs would no longer support her.

"We?" she caught at that word. "There was a baby, I know. That was in the papers, too. Was it . . . ?"

Her father turned his head away from the woman. His eyes sought out Lorna, narrowed with a message as clear as words. She was to keep on playing. She was not to interrupt him. It was not the first time she had read that message in his eyes. When he was playing cards . . . when he was reading . . .

Lorna turned away and bounced the ball listlessly. She heard her father say, "Yes, Lydia. The baby was killed."

Lorna did not know what baby they were talking about. She did not know of any train smash in France. She thought the woman very beautiful and gentle, but also very silly to have thought that her father was dead. She tossed the ball into the air, missed it, chased it across the green lawn.

When she returned to the path the woman was blotting at tears.

"Bruce, you must be careful," she said anxiously. "He thinks you were killed in that train smash. If he knew you were still alive."

"He won't know unless you tell him."

"I? I, your friend? Don't you remember Lydia, Bruce? I was the one who helped you both at the time of the divorce . . . and later. . ."

"I'm sorry, Lydia, I do remember." He sighed deeply, covered his eyes a moment. "I have not forgotten a moment of it. There is no hour of any day that I do not remember . . ."

They sat in silence for a long time, then suddenly Lorna saw that the woman was staring at her.

Her father stood up abruptly, putting himself between the woman and Lorna.

The woman rose, too, and held out her hand. "I understand," she said. "I was her dearest friend, Bruce. You trusted me before. You may trust me now. I shall not see you again?"

"No."

The woman did not say good-bye, but turned and walked away down the path.

Why had she never asked him, in later years, about that woman in the park? Who was the lovely creature who had thought that her father had been killed in a train smash?

Who was the other person of whom she had spoken, who also thought Bruce Trenton was dead? Who was the baby who had been killed? A sister? A brother?

No, her father would have told her if there had been a sister or brother. Or would he?

Another puzzling thing had happened when Lorna was eighteen, old enough to remember every detail of it, yet still unable to put any satisfactory explanation to it. At that time she had been studying music in Paris for nearly a year when she had received a cable from her father, telling her to join him in Cairo at once. No explanations, no margin for protest; it was almost a hurried command.

After the first unpleasant shock of being ordered to drop everything, she had been thrilled at the prospect of Cairo and of being with her father again. But she had a scant five hours in Cairo.

There was a plane leaving for Lisbon and a ship leaving Lisbon for South America, and before Lorna could unpack the bags she had packed in Paris she was out at sea on a liner.

Her father had explained that he had this wonderful opportunity to visit South America, and he had wanted her to share it. That was all. And because it was so gay and exciting, and because she was only eighteen, Lorna had not tried very hard then to fill any gaps.

There was a war looming in Europe. Paris was crowded with German refugees from the National Socialist Party . . . she shrugged and smiled to herself because that was exactly the way her father would choose to get her out of a bad spot without alarming her.

AS it turned out, Paris was a bad spot, and Lorna never returned there. She had taken her father's motive more or less for granted until now, to-night, sitting at the window, watching the trees blowing against the starlight.

Now she wondered if it was the war which had caused him to order her away from Paris.

Now she remembered little things about that journey . . . her father's gaiety, almost too quick, too bright, like the first note bursting forcibly from the throat of a bird set free. She remembered the nights aboard ship and later, in Brazil, when he would urge her to go ahead and dance and leave him to the untiring absorption of his poker game.

She remembered the dark moods that would come upon him when he heard her play the piano; almost the first time he had considered her music seriously. She recalled him leaning upon the piano, listening intently to her Chopin.

"My child, don't ever make the mistake of becoming famous!" he had said. She had been flattered that he should consider it a possibility, so self-conscious that she had never asked him why he said it.

She asked it now. She did not know a living soul who could answer the question.

They had spent more than a year travelling round South America, then suddenly her father had decided that he wanted to see London again. It was on this visit that she had met Tim.

He was enjoying a holiday cruise, a present from his mother, before settling down to his career seriously. They were drawn to each other, finding in each other all the small satisfactions of serious conversation, of fun and nonsense, of swimming and deck tennis, and dancing on a moonlit deck.

Yet neither of them had thought it was more than a pleasant shipboard friendship until they docked and Tim came to their suite to say good-bye. Only then Lorna realised that she did not want to say good-bye to Tim Baylor; ever.

Tim had asked her father for permission to call on them in London. Her father had rather unpleasantly suggested that Tim was imposing on a shipboard acquaintance. Tim had said a tight, white-lipped good-bye to Lorna, his eyes begging her to get in touch with him again.

Lorna had never had occasion to cross her father before, but she knew that she would see Tim again, that she was in love with him, that nothing would ever be complete again without him.

She saw him, in fact, sooner than she expected.

They had not been in London three days when her father was stricken with pneumonia. Lorna had no friends in London; she knew no one there but Tim Baylor. She would have rung him up, even if he had not been a doctor.

Tim was wonderful to her during those black days of terror, of knowing that her father was dying and that she had no one else in the world. Tim's mother had come to the hotel and insisted that Lorna must stay with her, where she would be nearer the hospital and where there would be someone for her to talk with.

Lorna was like a lost child. She did not protest against arrangements that were made for her. It was the first time she had realised that her life was full of unanswered questions and that the man who lay dying was her last link to the past.

The day he died was the cruellest in Lorna's life and in his, for it was only in that last hour that he tried to tell Lorna something of grave importance, and in that hour his voice was lost, his words were lost in his futile struggle with death. He died with his eyes full of agony. And the answers to her life were sealed.

His death climaxed all the questions of his life, for all he left Lorna was a good life insurance policy. He left no will, no papers, no mention of property or estate. It was as though he had never lived.

Please turn to page 28

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 3/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

A wife tells why she wants a legal wage

I WAS most interested in the article in The Australian Women's Weekly about housekeeping money, and who holds the purse strings, as I am one of thousands of wives and mothers who hope that one day there will be a legal wage for wives.

I married 19 years ago, giving up a very good position.

After spending what little money I had on the wedding, I was left with nothing of my own. I have never had one penny to call my own since, until Child Endowment came along. That saved my sanity.

I am the mother of five children. Life holds nothing for me but too much hard work, worry, and perhaps one day the love and appreciation of my children.

My husband's salary is £11 per week clear, and he receives in addition rent from a house he owns.

He hands out on Monday morning various sums. One week £6, next £4, next £1, and always at the end of the month only £2. When I ask for more I am refused.

I cannot feed seven people and dress six on these amounts, so am in debt everywhere, and cannot possibly get out of it. All the debts are for food and clothing; but my husband will not pay them.

I have had advice from a solicitor. He says my only course is to get heavily into debt, and have all my credit stopped, then I shall have a leg to stand on to make my husband keep us as we should be kept.

Until then I am absolutely helpless, and will have to remain in debt, which I loathe, until my babies are old enough to go to school.

Then I can go out to work to free myself of debt, and perhaps buy myself some face cream and a perm.

£1 to "Disgruntled Mother," Balmoral, Brisbane.

It pays to be dim

MANY inconsiderate people fail to dim the headlights of their car as another vehicle approaches. The blinding flash into the approaching driver's eyes can cause him to swerve, resulting in a serious accident, involving both cars.

5/- to J. Drew, Warriewood, N.S.W.

So many housegowns

WHY can't clothing manufacturers who are using valuable cotton materials for housegowns realise the urgent need of working-girls for reasonably priced cotton frocks? At present these are almost unobtainable, whereas housegowns are in great supply.

Surely working-girls are entitled to some consideration, as our wages are far below the cost of living, and we do not benefit by the recent rise in the basic wage.

5/- to Miss D. Wicks, 85 Mackay St., Cootamundra, N.S.W.

Jaunty buttonholes

SOME years ago it was the fashion for men to wear buttonholes. This gave them quite a jaunty air, and women loved to see it. Most men have gardens, and are proud

of the flowers they grow, so let us try to influence our menfolk to revive this delightful idea.

5/- to Mrs. Prue Wood, Belgenny, Taylor Square, Sydney.

Easier to handle

THE weakest part of aluminium saucepans is at the handle, where there is the greatest strain, but this would be obviated if saucepans were made with two small handles like preserving pans. This would also save danger from scalds caused by saucepans being overturned by things catching on the projecting handles.

5/- to Miss E. M. Wheeldon, 15 East Terrace, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Misplaced bathrooms

IN most plans for country homes the bathroom is placed in a most unsuitable position, usually between the bedrooms and well away from the back door. This necessitates coming inside and tramping through the house to get to it.

This may be all right in the city, but for country conditions the bathroom should be handy to the back steps, where the menfolk coming in from ploughing, dairying, or feeding pigs can get cleaned up before entering the main body of the house.

5/- to Mrs. R. C. Miller, Ducklo, Tara Line, Qld.

Mutual-help club

THE good-neighborly arrangement by which two women helped each other by bringing along a cup of tea on washing day (Jean Eulenstein, 16/11/'46) could be the basis of a small club's activities.

Members could arrange at meetings which would be washing day, cooking day, preserving day, baby-minding day. Some women are good at knitting, some at sewing, some at mending, others at gardening. By a system of exchange all work would be cheerfully completed. I am just going to suggest to my neighbor that if she will run up a blouse for me I'll knit a cardigan for her baby.

5/- to Miss A. Halloran, 6 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Bicycle licences

THE suggestion by "Helen" (30/11/'46), that bicycles should be licensed is amazing. It only means one more tax, and to acquiesce in a tax upon one's physical efforts does not agree with my idea of freedom.

I agree cycles are a danger on the road. A better solution would be to attach a metal tag to the machine every six months signifying that the brakes and rear light are in order. The present laws regarding rear lights should then be enforced rigorously.

5/- to "Freddie," Kooyong Rd., Armadale, Vic.

FOR years now in this State licences for bicycles have been compulsory. The licence number must be displayed on the cycle at all times. There is a fine for non-compliance. I know, having been rapped once myself.

5/- to Brian Parkes, 170 Lakes St., Perth.

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TWO PRETTY GIRLS. Pam Owen (left) is hostess to Joan Lamb at lunch at Pickwick Club when Joan announces her engagement to Dr. Norman Wettenhall, elder son of Dr. Roland Wettenhall, of Toorak, Melbourne, and late Mrs. Wettenhall.

DANCING AT ROMANO'S. Marie Visser-Godby, of Melbourne, dances with visiting member of M.C.C. Denis Compton to the strains of Brian Lawrance's Band.

RHODES SCHOLAR. Basil ("Jika") Holmes Travers, B.A., of Sydney, who has just received his second Blue at Oxford, photographed with his wife, who was formerly Margaret Marr, of Sydney, and their 3½-year-old daughter Susan. The Travers' live in Oxford. He is reading for a degree in politics, economics, and philosophy. He will captain Oxford football for 1947.

Intimate Gossipings

ATTENDING RANDWICK holiday races, Mrs. Reg Moses, of Luxall, Moree, and Sydney, with her charming young daughter Marcia.

CAN hardly believe two years have passed since we were all agog awaiting the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their two young sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, from England. But here they are in Sydney this week saying their good-byes before returning home.

During their two years' stay thousands of Australians have met the Duke and Duchess . . . have chuckled at the antics of Prince William, who behaves like any other normal little boy . . . and have been enchanted by little Prince Richard when he has been wheeled in his pram or "go-cart."

Both children have benefited from our sunshine and plentiful food in Australia, and Prince Richard has developed amazingly in the past few months and has uttered his first words . . . in fact, he's now up to holding quite a conversation.

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TWO little Princes have their last sample of Australian beaches and surfing—for some years, anyway—when they visit Port Kembla for a holiday.

After an all-too-brief spell from public life the Duke and Duchess have an arduous round of farewells—one of the biggest functions being the garden party given at State Government House this Thursday, to which more than 3000 guests have been invited. General Northcott and Mrs. Northcott are host and hostess.

• • •

AFTER the Duke flies back to England the Duchess will remain at the seaside for the next few weeks before her ship sails to home and England . . . she may pop down to Sydney to say a few personal farewells to friends made here.

WEDDING RECEPTION at Macquarie House, Macquarie Street, for Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Tooth after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Mrs. Tooth formerly Mrs. Helen Chambers, elder daughter of the late Dr. Gordon Craig and of Mrs. Gordon Craig, of Palm Beach, and widow of late Major J. F. Chambers, of Toorak, Victoria. Mrs. Neville Tooth (right).

ENGAGED. Doris Brentnall, W.A.A.A.F., and fiance Peter Boulton, ex-R.A.A.F., who was attached to 451 Squadron and Central Ferry Flight, Richmond, plan marriage for early this year. Doris is second daughter of the W. W. Brentnalls, of Wagga, and Peter is second son of Dr. N. Boulton and Mrs. M. Dee, of Manly.

WEDDING BELLS will ring this year—probably at Easter—for vivacious Elizabeth Oxenham and fiance Lloyd Cahill, who announced their engagement recently. Couple dine at Prince's over festive New Year.

TO MAKE HOME IN TASMANIA. Captain Ross Waite Parsons, A.I.F., of Wollongong, and his bride, formerly Marian Johnston, of Cessnock, leave Wesley College Chapel, Sydney University, after marriage. Ross will lecture in law at Hobart University.

ENTHUSIASTIC audiences greet the farewell matinees presented at the Theatre Royal with Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott. It's fun for Sydney theatregoers to see Madge and Cyril perform as they do in London, and easy to see why they're both so popular overseas as well as in their home-town, Sydney.

Between their matinee performances couple are relaxing in their flat at Buckhurst . . . Flat belongs to the E. J. Talts and, strangely enough, was Cyril's old home before he and Madge were married. "So it really seems like being home," says Cyril.

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UNTIL they return to England to make their permanent home, "Larkie" and "Hay" Haythorpe, who were married recently at St. James', King Street, will make their home at "Hay's" property, Cloverlea, Ebor, near Armidale. "Larkie," who was Hazel Larking-Glassford, is a Canadian from Toronto, and was on a world tour when war broke out. During war years she was with the Department of Aircraft Production. "Hay" hails from Swiss Cottage, London.

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WEDDING at St. Mark's for William Bundock and his pretty bride, formerly Shirley Arlow. Shirley is a New Zealander, and served two and a half years in the W.A.A.F. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hedley V. Arlow, of Wellington, New Zealand.

NICE to see Mrs. Stap Edwards back in Sydney and setting up housekeeping in her lovely beach home, "The White House," Palm Beach. Mrs. Edwards, who is the widow of the late Mr. Stapley Edwards, arrived back last week in the Wanganella with her mother, Mrs. B. B. Taggart. Her young son and daughter were also in the party—nine-year-old Byron Taggart and five-year-old Josephine Stapley—and they're sure to have a host of friends among the younger fry of Palm Beach before many days go by.

It is Mrs. Edwards' first visit to Australia for more than two years. She has been living at her old home at Watertown, New York, during her stay in America.

• • •

NEW ZEALAND and Sydney interest when Valerie Jackson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Jackson, of Beauty Point, Mosman, and Barrie Cookson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. L. Cookson, of Christchurch, New Zealand, announce their engagement. Barrie, who served five years with New Zealand Fleet Air Arm, met Valerie about two and a half years ago at a party given at her parents' home in honor of members of New Zealand Fleet Air Arm who were then in Sydney. Valerie has just returned from four months' holiday in New Zealand, where she was guest of Barrie's parents.

Joyce

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WORTH Reporting

LIONEL VAN PRAAG, ex-world's champion of dirt track motor cycling, tells us that The Australian Women's Weekly team is leading in the teams competition being held at the Sydney Sports Ground.

The competition has been sponsored by Consolidated Press, who will award the trophy. The four teams represent the four Consolidated Press newspapers, Daily Telegraph, Sunday Telegraph, Women's Weekly, and Readers' Digest.

Our score is 5 points, and we look like winning the competition, thanks to the good team carrying our colors.

The riders are "Cordy" Milne, of U.S.A., who is captain, Aub Lawson, "Dutch" Mueller, another U.S.A. rider, and J. Hollis.

Mr. "Pee Wee" Cullum, also from America, was in our team, but he crashed in a recent race in Melbourne. We're hoping he will be recovered to ride in the final race.

Royal paintings

OUR London office reports that next to the "Britain Can Make It" exhibition Londoners are finding a breathless interest in the exhibition of the King's family portraits at Burlington House.

The collection, which totals over 500 paintings, is among the world's finest and liveliest.

The first picture in the Royal cavalcade is of the much-married Henry VIII, painted by Joos Van Cleeve.

There is a whole gallery depicting the serene and slightly smug family life of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, as painted by Victoria's favorite artist, Landseer.

There are also many paintings of Charles I by Van Dyck, who, at a salary of £200 a year, was brought to England from Holland to paint Charles, mostly in the role of a dashing cavalier.

Club for dames

LONDON'S strangest club is now being formed. It is called the Society of Dames, but all its members are men, says a message from our London office.

To qualify for membership each applicant is to have played the role of dame in a leading London or provincial pantomime.

Three famous panto dames—Barry Lupino, Leslie Henson, and Lupino Lane—jumped at the idea when it was suggested at a stage dinner by a magician, N'Gai, who is the Dame in "Simple Simon," at Birmingham. He provides additional wonders for children because he combines the art of magic in his part.

List of prospective dame members includes celebrated comics George Robey, Will Fyffe, George Lacey, Clarkson Rose, Billy Leonard.

Founder-dame-member N'Gai was born with the less romantic name of Ludlow, but changed it when the natives of the Belgian Congo, dazzled by his white magic, called him N'Gai, a god.

Australian dishes

AN Australian bride in America, Mrs. L. M. Wilhelm, formerly of Innisfail, Queensland, burst into two columns of print and a large picture in one of the Memphis newspapers.

Most of the interview is taken up with typical Australian recipes.

Frankly, alongside Southern fried chicken they sounded a bit dull to us, but the Memphis housewives all cut them out and pasted them in their cookery books.

Mrs. Wilhelm listed as an Australian dinner "Roast leg of lamb with mint sauce, baked potatoes and onions, french beans and Devonshire pudding."

For Sunday evening she says Australians like "Sliced cold meat with mixed vegetable salad, gem scones, banana cake, fruit salad or jelly with fresh cream, and tea or coffee."

The recipes which Mrs. Wilhelm gives include gem scones, casserole of steak, and puffalooms (fried scones).

Mrs. Wilhelm is a member of the club in Memphis which overseas brides have formed.

The members include English and Dutch wives.

Living safely

TIMELY little brochure telling novices what to do and what not to do when venturing out in rowboats this holiday season is "Safe Handling of Rowboats," just published by the ever-vigilant National Safety Council of Australia.

Since 1937 the council has been endeavoring to reduce accidents "On the road, at work and play, in the home, and in the air," by educating the public on accident prevention.

With a yearly grant of £1000 from the Victorian Government, its Commonwealth-wide activities are carried out by a small paid staff controlled by a "band of approximately 100 men and women who serve without pay as committeemen because of their intense interest in safety."

Books and pamphlets published include "We Don't Want To Lose You," designed for industrial workers; "Safety at Home"; "Safety Hints in Relation To Gas Producer Units and Blowers"; "Hints for the Safe Use of Axes and Cross-cut Saws"; "Fire! Fire!"; "Many Happy Returns"; and "Safety Always."

"Approximately 2,765,000 copies of a 32-page booklet have been issued to motor-drivers in various States on receipt of their driving licences.

"As the householder is harder to reach with information about accidents than the motorist or man at work," a special list of "home hazards" has been compiled in the generally informative booklet, "Safety Always."

"Is it perfectly safe to sit on every chair in your living-room, or is there an heirloom, priceless but rickety?"

"People have been killed when pictures in heavy frames have fallen on them . . . rugs that curl on the edges are a hazard . . . the kitchen is the most dangerous room in the house . . . a chair or a box as a makeshift ladder has sent many a housewife to hospital . . . many fatal falls occur in the bedroom."

The book also includes chapters with pictures on how to identify dangerous spiders, pointing out that "the spiders mentioned are either proved dangerous or are suspect on reasonable grounds," details on how to help an aircraft make an emergency night landing, and holiday hints on "How to Come Back Rested and Safe."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"There are only SIX boys with me, conductor. It's sort of an optical illusion."

Animal Antics

"Says he's sick and tired of this 'busy as a bee' stuff, and thinks he'll just lie around and smell the flowers."

WE heard the other day of a very famous surgeon in England who has lately developed a keen interest in cooking. On his office desk he has three volumes on surgery and two on cooking.

A Melbourne man, in England on business, met him walking along one of London's streets with his latest purchase—a meat chopper. "What do you intend doing with it?" inquired our friend.

"I'm going to learn to chop my own meat," replied the surgeon seriously.

Magic with psychology

BECAUSE he believes orthodox magicians are out of touch with modern trends, an Ashfield magician has evolved a new technique which he calls "magic practised psychologically."

He is Mr. Ken Jaffery, better known as Ken the Merry Magician, who up to 1930 was a city watch repairer.

"It is surprising the number of world-famous magicians who started out in the watch trade," Mr. Jaffery told us.

In Mr. Jaffery's case, however, magic was more or less thrust upon him.

"I turned to it for a living during the depression, when I found people preferred looking at the town clock to having their watches repaired," he said.

Dark-haired and pint-sized, Mr. Jaffery was practising orthodox magic for almost 12 years before he learned the psychological approach, and now specialises in entertaining children.

"The trouble with most of the traditional, hanky-panky magicians is that they know nothing of child psychology, and use all the old methods which only insult the child's intelligence," he said.

Mr. Jaffery pulled a colorful silk handkerchief from his breast pocket to demonstrate the difference between orthodox and the new psychological technique of magic.

"With the umbrella trick, for example," he said, "the traditional magician comes on the stage, and goes through the usual patter about performing feats of unsurpassed magic, never before seen by an audience.

"He wraps the umbrella in a mat, makes a few passes, and unrolls it to show the frame covered with knotted silk handkerchiefs, and the umbrella cover in a top hat. He then tells the children this is magic."

Mr. Jaffery gave the silk handkerchief an introductory flourish.

"When I come on the stage I don't claim to do any supernatural things," he said. "I read the children the piece from Alice in Wonderland, where the White Queen tells Alice she can believe anything if she tries hard enough.

"Then I tell them to watch the mat carefully, as a mischievous fairy is trying to spoil the act. Then when the umbrella cover comes out of the hat, I tell them they weren't quick enough, and the fairy got in first."

Mr. Jaffery never reveals any of his tricks, not through professional secrecy, but rather because he believes people prefer to be deceived than enlightened.

He has carried this principle to good purpose on his visiting cards, which bear his name on the front, and on the back the words:

Can you read this?
Funex? Svfx.
Funem? Svfm2.
Lfmnx pliz. Isn't it wonderful?

According to Mr. Jaffery it has puzzled people all over Australia, and it puzzled us for a while, too.

But as he never gives his tricks away, we leave you to work it out.

Crashed

WE heard of a neat piece of gate-crashing the other day.

A young man to whom we chat amiably on the ferry in the mornings sat down beside us the other morning with a slightly glazed look about his eyes. In answer to our obvious question he said that he had been to a Chinese dinner the night before.

"There were ten courses," he said faintly.

"I was on my way home when I passed this Chinese restaurant, which had just opened. Thought I'd try it for a meal, and when I got inside the door a bland gentleman shook me warmly by the hand and said, 'So glad you could come,' and showed me to a table.

"It turns out that he was the proprietor, and he was opening the restaurant with a flourish by entertaining all the local business men and celebrities."

Gay as a French Perfume!
Her last year's undies still have that **New** look — that **LUX LOOK!**

Lux care keeps undies lovely 3 times as long!

Chic as Paris itself—that's how undies keep on looking when you LUX them after every wearing. It's left in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics and fades colours. But a regular nightly Lux dip gently whisks it away before it can do harm. That simple care keeps the lovely new look in your undies—that LUX LOOK. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay new-looking 3 *times* as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

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FLORISTS. Friendship formed while they were Waacs has resulted in Christine Joshua, formerly of Melbourne, and Willa O'Neill becoming business partners in a florist shop at Double Bay, Sydney, financially assisted under rehabilitation.

HUSBAND AND WIFE both studying part time under the C.R.T.S., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Boorn, Canberra. He studies advertising and she typing. They met at Uranquinty, where he was stationed in the R.A.A.F. and she in the W.A.A.A.F.

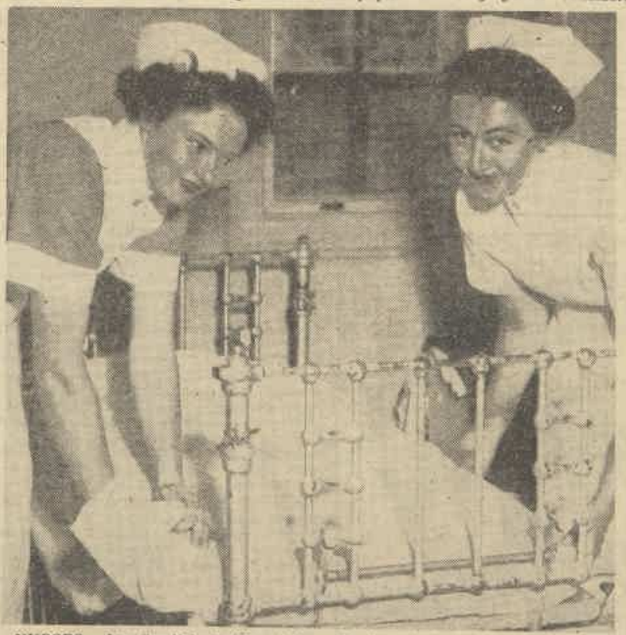
MUSICIAN. Arthur Denereaz, Sydney, can give to his piano study, thanks to Training Scheme, joining Army he spent daytime working in music ment of father's business. Says scheme has hel

A NEW YEAR... AND A NEW

GLASS-CUTTING and LEADLIGHTING. Roy Higgins, Frewville, S.A., came back from the war with a wish to do some sort of creative art. Is working with a glass-cutting, mirror-manufacturing firm and is also learning leadlighting.

HAIRDRESSERS. Instructor Mr. W. Bray giving a lesson in hairdressing to Alf Holt, ex-miner, seated in chair; Taffy Tyas, ex-miner and prospector; John McDowell, ex-fireman; Davie Hughes, shearer and horsebreaker. Mr Bray declares his pupils are very gentle considering former employment.

PLASTERERS. Alan Dimmock, ex-clerk; Laurie Bennett, ex-station hand; Bob Melville, ex-rent collector; Bill Grant, ex-plant operator are learning to be plasterers, and put down their trowels and boards while they line up for some instructions under C.R.T.S. in Perth, where former wing of R.A.A.F. has become training centre.



NURSES. Joy Candish (left) and Joan Davis train at Fremantle Hospital under the C.R.T.S., to be nurses. Joy worked in a shop before joining the A.A.M.W.S. Joan was a shorthand-typist, longed to be a nurse. Was in the A.W.A.S. She begins her training on £3/3/7 a week for three years.

UNIVERSITY COURSES. K W.A., and Nicholas Kalal, D versity, Perth. Keith w clerk. Nicholas is doing

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...ge full time ...ne. Before ...music depart- ...helped greatly.

HAIRDRESSER. Former farmer Les Davidson, Carrum, Victoria, being instructed by Miss Dorothy Bock, Reconstruction Hairdressing Class, Prahran, Melbourne. Model June Sawyer is also attending classes under Miss Bock.

W CHANCE IN LIFE

● *To thousands of Australian ex-servicemen and servicewomen the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, directed by the Department of Post War Reconstruction, is a fairy godmother.*

It means the difference between frustrated lives, ruined because war has unfitted them for their previous work, and happy lives, because they are training for something they are eager and able to do. For others dreams have become reality. Bank clerks have shut their last ledger, typists put away their last carbon sheet. For them a brave new world opens.

By the end of last year more than 10,058 ex-service men and women had completed training under the C.R.T.S., and of 920,219 demobilised 92,251 were training under the scheme. Gross enlistment was 990,176. Trainees are full or part time. At universities there are 8712 full-time, 4796 part-time students. There are 11,538 full-time trainees in vocational courses, including trades, and 62,573 part-time. The technical section has 3832 full-time trainees, the rural has 800.

In the year to October 1946, 221,596 men and women were reinstated in previous employment, and the Commonwealth Employment Service placed 189,345 in employment, and 6861, who were 40 per cent. proficient, in subsidised employment.

PARTNER in florist shop at Double Bay, Sydney, with Willa O'Neill and Chris Joshua, Norma Gray, formerly of Brisbane, met her partners in the W.A.A.F. Before the war she was an accountant, and now her bookkeeping is put to good use keeping accounts in the attractive shop with its pastel-tinted walls.

Keith Frearson (left), Tammin, Darwin, study at Crawley Uni- doing Economics, was a bank Medicine. Both were in R.A.A.F.

FRENCH POLISHER. Loss of an arm prevented David McAndrew, Brisbane, from returning to his prewar job of motor-trimming. So he became a french polisher, following suggestion made by Department of Post War Reconstruction. He tried lift-driving but was unhappy. Is very grateful for Department's help.

MOVIE CAMERAMAN. Before joining R.A.N. as seaman, Ray Templeton was a motor mechanic. Wanting a different sort of life, he became a rehabilitation trainee at a photographic studio. Aims to be a newsreel motion picture cameraman. Is doing comprehensive training, including dark-room technique.

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Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 23

ALL that remained to mark her father's very existence were fragments of memory in Lorna's mind, like a string of meaningless paintings in an obscure gallery.

Could Dr. Nestri put a meaning to any of these memories? It did not seem likely. It seemed, rather, that everyone she had ever known had experienced these gaps in their own history; unanswerable questions about parents or grandparents whom they thought they knew completely.

An odd souvenir, a letter arriving, received in smiling silence and disappearing, a strange unpremeditated phrase dropped in the middle of nostalgic reminiscing.

Did not everyone have these small blanks upon which they sometimes dwelt, trying to fit the jigsaw piece of mystery into the picture painted on the lid?

If only there was someone who might tell her! There was no one. Her father had told her once that there had never been an uncle or an aunt and that all her grandparents were dead.

She had grown into the sad and positive suspicion that her mother had died at her birth. When she was older, she had asked her father directly about it. He had denied it vehemently, but with tears in his eyes.

Lorna, tormented with uncertainty and half-answers, concluded that it was the truth, but that her father did not want her to grow up blaming herself for a tragedy which had left him numb and bitter with shock.

Later she had enlarged upon her own fabricated suspicion to the point of telling the girls in school that her mother had died when she was born. She told it so often to so many people that it became a reality to her. Even Tim thought it was something she knew to be a fact.

To-night she acknowledged to herself that it was not a fact.

Whence came these fragile threads upon which people build a monumental structure called Self, trusting the gods of chance never to discover the inaccuracies, the suppositions, the faulty material of memory and of blind trust which undermine the structure?

To trace back these weak threads of impressions was an impossible task for Lorna.

She went back to bed, pulling up the spare blanket in an effort to warm the chill that her thoughts had only driven deeper into her being. She tried to stem the turbulent sweep of her fear, to define it or to expel it.

Doggedly she tried to reduce all vagaries to the simple question of whether it was possible that anyone in the world might have a reason for wanting to murder her. She could not say it was impossible without the silent contradiction of those blanks in her background.

Not a living soul but herself was aware of them. Even Tim had accepted her as a complete personality, taking for granted that she was certain of the facts she had given him.

She did not intend to go back now, to tear down the structure of herself just to satisfy a foolish idea that a man she had never seen or heard of before to-night was going to murder her. It was absolute folly!

. . . . . .

The next morning, in the bright, sweet light of a spring day, Lorna's apprehension vanished. Breakfasting with Tim in their pleasant dining-room, discussing the day's plans, everything was normal and happy again, and she was once more Lorna Baylor, the completely integrated wife of an interesting doctor.

What an interesting doctor! She smiled as she watched him going through his letters.

"Aren't you going to read your post to me?"

He looked up at her, his face almost in repose except for the slight quirk at the corners of his mouth and the deepening of the laugh wrinkles around his dark eyes.

"Only the bills!" he said as usual. He sorted the letters. "Here is one from mother. That ought to be nice and safe."

Lorna listened quietly, picturing through the words his tall, charming mother, an admirable woman who had brought up three sons in a background as secure and reliable as the Bank of England.

Her letter contained all the news of the family; what the winter in London had been like, and asking when were Tim and Lorna going to come and stay?

Lorna was somewhat in awe of her mother-in-law. She had such a great deal of confidence, and the easy charm that comes with such confidence, the blessed charm of reassuring people. She had always made Lorna feel worthy of Tim in spite of the fact that their backgrounds were worlds apart.

Yet for her natural goodness, Mrs. Baylor was not the cosy type of mother who could take anyone's child for her own. She would always be Tim's mother; never Lorna's.

Tim glanced through the rest of the post, sipping his coffee absently. At last he said, "No love letters. I'm slipping. Are we having people for tea next Sunday?"

"Why, no!" Lorna exclaimed. "We hadn't planned anything."

"Let's," he said. "I'd like to see some more of Nestri socially. He's a wonderful person! May I ask him?"

Lorna hesitated only the few seconds it took to catch herself from saying "No!"

"Yes—I suppose so. If you'd like. If you're not busy on Sunday."

"Didn't you like Nestri?" he asked.

"No!" she said quickly.

"Oh! Since when do you go about not liking people? I thought he was the perfect dinner guest. He's certainly the greatest psychiatrist ever to come here."

"I thought you were," Lorna smiled.

"Only on rainy Wednesdays. Don't digress, darling. Why don't you like him?"

"I—I don't know."

"There!" Tim shrugged. "Women! He likes you, Lorna. You remind him of his wife."

"That's a charming compliment! How long has she been dead?"

Tim could not help laughing. Then he said, "He likes me, too." He tried to say it with bravado, but Lorna knew he was really pleased. "He asked me to work with him. Said he was impressed by some of my articles on paranoia. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's marvellous," Lorna said gently. "In fact, I think you're rather marvellous, too. What sort of work is Nestri doing?"

"Well he's not on the staff, you know. He's a sort of free lance; writing a book on the manifestations of psychic hysteria. He's done amazing work in hypnotic control."

"What does he hypnotise?" Lorna asked in an even tone.

"Well, you see, in cases of psychic hysteria, which, incidentally, the medicos seem to diagnose with difficulty . . ." He looked up and caught the expression in Lorna's eyes and stopped. "What's the matter?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Nothing, dear. Go on."

"Come on . . . tell the doctor."

"Nothing, really, Tim. Just a stupid idea. I'm full of them and I've no intention of letting you loose with them." She shook her head, smiling a little.

"I read in one of your books that it's very important for a person to learn to live with himself. I'm learning. Sometimes I'm a nuisance to myself because I have ideas. At the moment I have an extraordinary idea that's almost too big to handle. But I still want to handle it myself."

"Well, if you need help let me know."

"I will."

He looked at his watch. "About Sunday."

"Oh, yes! Well, invite Dr. Nestri if you'd like. But please not alone. He—he makes me feel uncomfortable. I'll ask the Camerons, and the Dennisons, and a few others. Sunday tea. And don't you forget the date. Remember the last time we asked people in—everyone came but you."

After he had gone she sat at his desk in the study and phoned her round of invitations. She must go through with this, of course. Since he had once stirred her imagination with one inexplicable look it would be much worse if Dr. Nestri were to go away before she saw him again.

She had to prove to herself that it had been nothing more than a queer cross-current of imagination . . . that curious melody bedevilling her, and the way the lamplight had fallen on his face, giving a cold, dead look to his dark skin and lustreless eyes.

A mere coincidence of light and shadow and melody and tiredness had provoked in her some emotion, which, in its turn, had opened the floodgates to all the unanswerable questions in her life. She must prove to herself that it was nothing before the opportunity had gone and she was left with one more unanswerable question.

Why didn't you tell Tim, Lorna?

She could not quite answer her own question. She did not want to have to answer it, because the obvious answer was that she did not trust Tim, and she did not like to face that. She did trust him. As much as it was in her power to trust anyone.

But did she completely trust anyone?

She knew that the answer was no. Not Tim. Not anyone. Her father had taught her well. He had taught her, from the time she was a very small child, that she must not trust anyone. She had accepted it as a condition of her being, together with the loneliness, the constant travelling, the occasional incognitos.

It had become so much a part of her thinking that she had never before challenged it; just as she had never challenged the fact that music was her medium or that Tim was the only man she wanted.

When any stranger asked her a question she had a ready set of evasive answers which her father had taught her.

She knew exactly how to avoid giving any information about herself or her father.

Of course, in her father's business, such precautions were necessary . . . as they were in Tim's. But she had not realised before that it was lack of trust which lay at the source of her reserve.

She had not even trusted her father. He had hurt her often with his secret, bitter brooding, the unapologetic manner in which he had stripped her of all the warm securities of childhood—home and friends, and pets, and the foolish play of lighthearted, affectionate people. And Tim?

Yes, Tim, too, had hurt her . . . many times in the first years of marriage, though not maliciously.

He had forgotten the usual things a husband forgets—a birthday one year, a wedding anniversary another year. He had forgotten meeting-places under pressure of work, had left her standing for hours in rain, in snow, in the warm comfortable presence of friends who had invariably said, "That's what a doctor's wife must expect."

Lorna had smiled tightly and agreed with them.

Tim had been as saddened as she when the baby had died, yet it had hurt her when he talked to her as a doctor instead of just a husband. Everything he had said was logical and true . . . and yet, in a hidden corner of her spirit where she did not want to recover from the baby's loss she hated Tim for his logic.

Please turn to page 30

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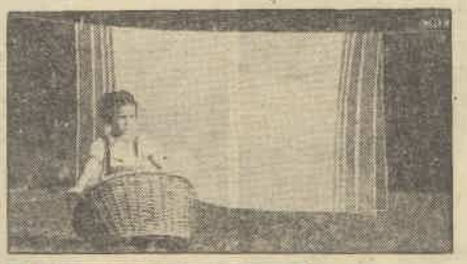
2. "MY 46-YEAR-OLD BLANKETS are still in use," *continues Mrs. Melksham.* "I have one on my bed, and I gave the other to my married daughter (Mrs. Warner). She calls them my 'honeymoon blankets.' Yes, I can tell you I've always made sure of having a supply of Velvet Soap to wash them with . . . that's what's kept them so good!"



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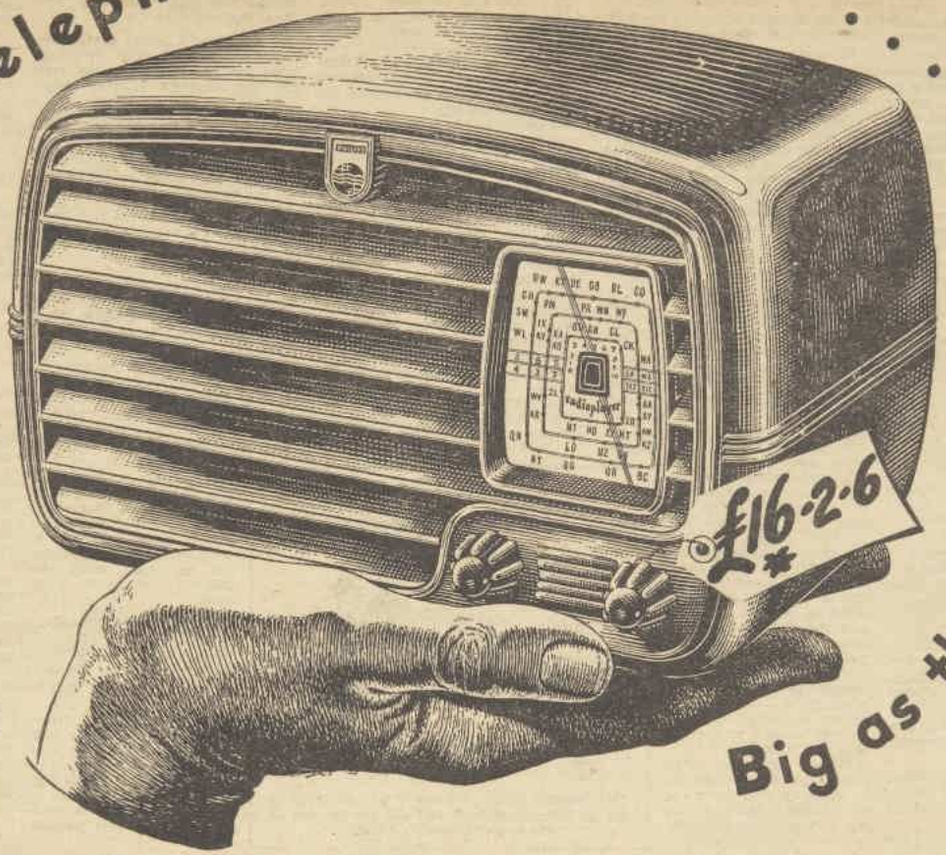

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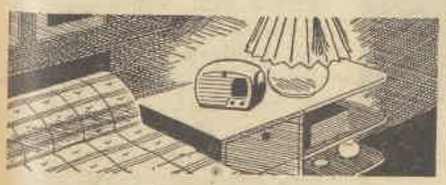

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Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 28

OVER the loss of the baby Tim was eternally the doctor who sought within men their own inner strength and coaxed them to use it. And here, always, would Lorna be the woman crying in the darkness . . . rejecting all healing . . . trusting no strength; not her own nor that of others.

That feeling, for some unexplained reason, was particularly strong in her the Sunday they had the afternoon tea party for Dr. Nestri. It was a wild day, with driving rain that darkened all the landscape and littered the garden with glistening black twigs.

Tim was up at the hospital nearly all day, arriving home barely in time to change before the first guests arrived. He noticed that Lorna was nervous in the funny little way she had of being nervous; in her movements slow and stilted, her supple fingers gripped with a curious paralytic slowness.

It surprised him, for Lorna was used to entertaining. In fact she enjoyed it more than he did. He thought of her queer dislike for Dr. Nestri, and the thought irritated him somewhat. He felt that she should be as pleased as he was that a great doctor like Paul Nestri had chosen him as his research assistant.

To work with a doctor of Nestri's knowledge and talents was an opportunity which might never occur to him again.

The most unfortunate part of it was that Nestri himself seemed very much interested in Lorna. He spoke of her often at the hospital, and once Tim found himself telling the doctor the whole story of their meeting on the ship and her father's death and their marriage. And several times Nestri had mentioned the fact that Lorna looked a great deal like his own wife.

But if Lorna did not like him, she was, at least, being agreeable about him.

There was a bright fire burning in the fireplace and yellow daffodils in silver vases gave a glow of sunlight to the living-room.

Tim, coming downstairs to greet the first-comers, gave the room a glance of admiration. And Lorna made him proud. She was looking particularly smart and attractive, and the firelight burnished her light hair with highlights of red gold.

For a moment he was struck again by his deep need for her and the sense of insecurity. He was never sure of her.

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Nestri, soaked with rain, but cheerful nevertheless. Tim was glad that he had invited him. He seemed a lonely man, and he was obviously happy at being here. Lorna was very pleasant to him, and everyone welcomed him.

At the Camerons' one might meet almost anyone. They were noted for their queer guests. But at the Baylors' one met only the acceptable.

Lorna thought of that, too, finding this endorsement of Dr. Nestri distasteful, yet knowing that it was necessary to her own peace of mind.

There seemed nothing malevolent about the man this afternoon. He was genial, not in the least hard to entertain. He talked with ease about the weather, about the district, and the hospital and the work being done there.

Lorna found herself drawing deep, steady sighs. As the afternoon wore on, she grew more and more convinced that she had done the right thing in inviting him. What a stupid thing imagination could be! Here was a harmless old man drinking her tea, and she had thought that he had come here for the sole purpose of murdering her.

Her secret laughter ran through her. She was dizzy with relief, knowing how deeply tormented she had allowed herself to become only this afternoon.

Moving across to offer him a cigarette, she stopped a moment to listen to an amusing anecdote he was telling about the slow service of the local hotel.

Ruth Dennison laughed. "Well doctor, that's the penalty of enjoying life in a small town. Lorna knows all about that!"

"Yes," Lorna smiled. "It must seem very strange to find yourself in a small Scottish town after the Continental capitals."

He smiled and tapped his cigarette against the ash-tray. He spoke, looking away from all of them, as though speaking to himself.

"Not so strange," he mused. "One never knows where a search may end. In Paris, in Brazil . . . London . . . or a little out-of-the-way hospital town like this."

There was a murmur of assent from the others. Lorna set the china cigarette box down carefully on the table beside her and turned away. Something in the quality of his voice had touched her like malevolent hands, had woven a trangling cord of words round her throat.

One never knows where a search may end . . . Paris . . . Brazil . . . London . . . here! Paris . . . Brazil . . . London . . .

Tess Cameron was speaking to her and Lorna stared stupidly at her for a moment. Then she shook her head slightly and said, "I'm sorry, Tess. What did you say?"

"I said that I wasn't going home until you played that incredible thing you were playing at my house the other evening. It's been simply haunting me ever since."

"Oh, that!" Lorna protested. "Tim thought it was dreadful."

"Well, it was!" Tess said. "Gave me the creeps. Come on, Lorna give me the creeps."

"I can't," Lorna spread her hands helplessly. "It was just one of those things . . . I can't remember it for the life of me."

There were a few seconds of silence, dead silence, and Lorna saw Tim looking at her curiously. Then Dr. Nestri's soft voice said, "Try it, Lorna."

Lorna was too embarrassed to protest further. She sat down at the piano. Her hands were cold, and she wrung them together, trying to rub some circulation into her fingers. They were clammy, and damp with perspiration.

It recalled to her mind the clammy chill of early school chapel on winter mornings. The candlelight always without warmth in the early morning cold, the low responses from the chapel full of chilled, sleepy girls.

She struck a chord on the piano, and the notes fell upon the room like varicolored pools of sunlight falling through a stained-glass window.

Again she saw the vision of a chapel, filled only with shadows that moved and whispered. The organ was playing that terrifying music and the sacrilege of hearing it played in such a place struck fear through her.

As in a nightmare, Lorna knew that it was she who was playing it, but she could not stop herself. Again she felt the evil presence, but she would not look towards it. She felt it stronger than before and knew that it was moving towards her along the shadowy aisle. She felt death coming with it, like a cold black fog, and terror passed through her, leaving her rigid, her music halted, the light around her spinning in small bright wheels.

She heard Dr. Nestri's voice.

"I thought you didn't remember that melody, Lorna."

She turned her head and met his eyes. The warmth of the room receded from round him and for a moment it was as though the two of them were alone. Lorna felt anger rising.

"Yes," she said, "It's very curious, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Very strange," he agreed. "Some association of ideas, no doubt."

"No doubt!" she said. She closed the keyboard cover with a snap. She clung to her anger because it gave her the strength to move, to speak, to go through the conventional gesture of bidding her guests good-bye.

At the door, Dr. Nestri held out his hand.

"It has been a most enjoyable afternoon, Lorna. Thank you so much for inviting me."

Lorna looked down at his outstretched hand. It was a wide, squat hand with thick fingers. She knew that she could not touch it; the sight of it made her sick with revulsion. Amazing even herself, she ignored it.

"We've enjoyed it, Doctor," she said mechanically. "I hope you'll come again."

She knew that Tim was watching and would be shocked by her rudeness, but she could not help it. Desperate, blinding fear had seized her again, and she dared not put her hand into Nestri's. She dared not touch him.

To be continued

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Continuing . . . Trouble in B Flat

from page 9

SPEAKING carefully, but in broken English, the cellist announced: "We like. Not only is it the romance, which touches us"—all four bowed slightly—"but by your concert group we are well paid, yes?"

It was the first time Mr. Williams had ever heard his stompin', shoutin' Dixieland Cats referred to as a concert group, and he grew nervous.

"Well," he gulped, "offhand, I wouldn't say we're exactly a concert group. Strictly speakin', we're from Dixie—jazz hounds."

The Continental String Quartet apparently understood jazz hounds all too well. So horrified they turned a slight yellow, there was one wild burst of Rumanian curses, and a grim mountain of flesh, they closed in on the young man.

"Ha!" cried Mr. Guttman. "So it is for dancing, for the jitterbugs that you wish the Continental String Quartet! The artists that crowned heads . . ."

In a flash Mr. Williams was fighting wildly for his life. Striking out blindly, he suddenly shot out of the melee under his own jet propulsion, and the next was all a wild haze.

He was chased off the roof, into the elevator, and then into the lobby. He shot past the desk with the four Guttmans finally nailing him near the cocktail lounge. A thin blonde girl gave one horrified cry, then two house detectives were handling the whole situation.

Not until the lobby had been cleared of debris, plus a white-haired party who had suffered a heart attack, and the four Guttmans had retreated in a service elevator before their public could recognise them, did Ding-Dong find he was now in the manager's office.

"Now don't go slugging him on the premises," the manager urged the two detectives. "You've no idea how it upsets the guests!"

"Let him go, you big bullies," a shattered voice said. "He can't help it."

It was Angela Jones standing there in the doorway. Angela in her tailored suit, her voice tired and tears edging her blue eyes. Her apprentice fiance gave a hoarse cry. Too late he recalled he'd asked her to meet him in the lobby, he was so sure he would have the Continental String Quartet all signed up as proof of his reform.

"Now, Angela," he began wildly, "if they'll only give me my clothes I can explain everything. Everything was Dixie until . . ."

"You burst into the lobby in your shorts, knocking those horrid fat men all over the potted palms. Fine dignified friends you have!"

"But they're the Continental String Quartet!" he cried. "I was just doin' it for you, Angela! Honest I was!"

"What?" she cried, her anger flaring up. "Oh, how can you sit there and lie like that? How dare you say those loathsome men were the Continental Quartet? But what's the use talking?" No longer could she keep back the tears. "I knew it wouldn't work out, I knew it! I never want to see you again, Ding-Dong. Never!"

. . . . . .

Ding-Dong, catching Doctor Blakely as he was leaving his swank office, said humbly, "But you just gotta give me a minute! You gotta! Mr. Smythe over at the King Towers said you were the only one who could help me now."

"Smythe, Smythe," Doctor Blakely said. "Oh . . . the manager. You'll have to come back next month, young man."

"But that won't do no good," Ding-Dong protested. "I'm not living there. It was just that I got all upset sittin' there with no clothes on and Mr. Smythe said . . ."

"No clothes on?" Doctor Blakely stared. Then, savoring every word, "No clothes on at all?" he asked quickly.

"Now, now," Ding-Dong said dreamily, "don't you go talkin' about it, or I'll get upset all over again They said you're a—a——"

"Psychiatrist," Doctor Blakely said kindly. He glanced at his watch. It certainly shouldn't take long to overhaul this young man's psyche. He unlocked the door, saying over his shoulder, "Never been to a doctor of *my* type before, eh? This should be very interesting for us both, very. Now you want to regard me as a friend, a very old friend, Mr.—Mr——?"

"Williams. Ding-Dong Williams." He looked nervously at the divan.

The doctor had stopped. "So they call you Ding-Dong," he said warmly. "Who calls you that, Mr. Williams?"

"The Cats," Ding-Dong said wanly.

"Ah," said the doctor, "the cats, eh? You see them everywhere?"

"Only when I'm workin'," Ding-Dong admitted. It took at least ten minutes for the doctor to gather that this was a strictly professional term. By that time Doctor Blakely, growing impatient, had started shoving Ding-Dong toward the divan.

"Now if you'll put your head on that pillow," Doctor Blakely said. "There . . . isn't that comfortable? So warm, so restful. Now I'm an old, old friend, Mr. Williams. An old friend you've just met again. You know me and——"

Now they were finally on the beam, all Ding-Dong's grief poured out. He not only told Doctor Blakely how he had to make good or lose Angela forever, but how the Guttman brothers had failed him in his darkest hour. He even told how he came to be a hot man. How the crowds got to stampin' when he beat it out; the more they shouted the more he knocked himself out; the more he knocked himself out the more they went crazy . . .

"Hold it right there," Doctor Blakely said suddenly. "I knew this wouldn't take long, Mr. Williams. It's that mass hysteria that upsets you so. There's nothing wrong with you that abstaining from music won't correct. You must forget this madness."

"How can I?" Ding-Dong said bleakly. "They got signboards all over town: Opening Casino Gardens to-morrow night 'Ding-Dong Williams and his Dixieland Cats.'"

"How much do you want to get well?" the doctor demanded sharply. "How much do you really, as you term it, want to be with dignity? How much would you do to regain Angela's love?"

"I'd do anything in the world," Ding-Dong answered faintly. "I'd even take up trumpet!"

"That's one thing you won't do," Doctor Blakely said firmly. "Ding-Dong, I can cure you in thirty days. Absolutely cure you. But if you want my help, you must do exactly as I say."

"You know I will," Ding-Dong said simply. "I'm crazy for her."

"Very well," Doctor Blakely said briskly, "the prescription is as final as the cure. When you walk out of here you never even heard of Ding-Dong Williams, you understand? You are not a clarinet, you know nothing of jazz. For thirty days you forget this madness; we cut off this drug of crowd hysteria and hot music. You walk out of here a complete stranger!"

"How can I?" Ding-Dong asked dazedly. "People always go around recognising me and things. How can I be a stranger?"

"I've even thought of that." Blakely smiled. "You're going out into a brave, bright new world now! You're going downtown and the first employment agency you find, you're going in there and take the first job that's offered you. No matter what it is, no matter where it is!"

. . . . . .

The Los Angeles Star was able to announce exclusively Ding-Dong Williams' suicide at nine the next morning. Not only had the shattered manager of the Casino Gardens received a note that he had departed, never to return, but Angela had a broken missive that required a doctor to quiet her hysteria.

In his farewell note to the girl he loved, Ding-Dong explained he was now seeking a new world. He neglected to mention just how and when he was doing away with himself, but the Los Angeles Star, in full cry, promised to bring in his remains by the next edition.

That night, while thousands were seeking his pitiful remnants on the beaches and in the canyons, the Casino Gardens was given over to a mass memorial. His picture draped in black, Mr. Williams' Dixieland Cats, beside themselves with grief and beer, played all the hot classics that had immortalised Ding-Dong's short, valiant career. No one even thought of dancing . . .

In her modest apartment Angela had to have the doctor a second time.

And in her Spanish chateau in Bel Air that glittering divorcee, Miss Hildegarde Castle, attired in a sultry negligee, smiled warmly.

"I do think you're exciting-looking, Charles," she said. "Now, if you'll take your thumb out of the soup, I'll have my dinner served."

"Thank you, mum," Ding-Dong said bleakly.

WHEN Acme Employment had heard that in the Army people were always sending Mr. Williams for things, they had pounced on him as the ideal butler. It cannot be denied he had the solemn dignity and slightly harassed manner found in all the better butlers and they had despatched him at once to Miss Castle, who changed butlers almost as often as she changed husbands.

A bored maid had thrown him a swallow-tailed coat, and now, serving his third meal that day, he had lost all interest in brave new worlds. Miss Castle kept leering at him, and that frightened him.

"You want something e'se," he said, "you just ring for it, mum."

"But, baby," Hildegarde protested, "you know by now that I simply loathe eating alone. Tell me, Charles, were you always a butler?"

"No, mum," Ding-Dong said. It was the way butlers talked in movies. "No, mum. I—I used to be in the Army. I got my papers to prove it."

"As if I'd question a thing you said," she rebuked. "The minute I saw you, Charles, there was something that—Do you believe in vibrations? It was like the wild shrill note of an oboe the minute I saw you."

It was the second time he had been compared to an oboe in the last thirty-six hours, and he paled.

"Good night, mum," he said hurriedly. "I'll send the maid in for the dishes."

She grew annoyed. "I thought that with your fine intelligent face you would certainly be a music-lover."

"I am," he said. "I mean—I—I was. Lady, you got no idea how I feel about that Continental String Quartet!"

Please turn to page 33

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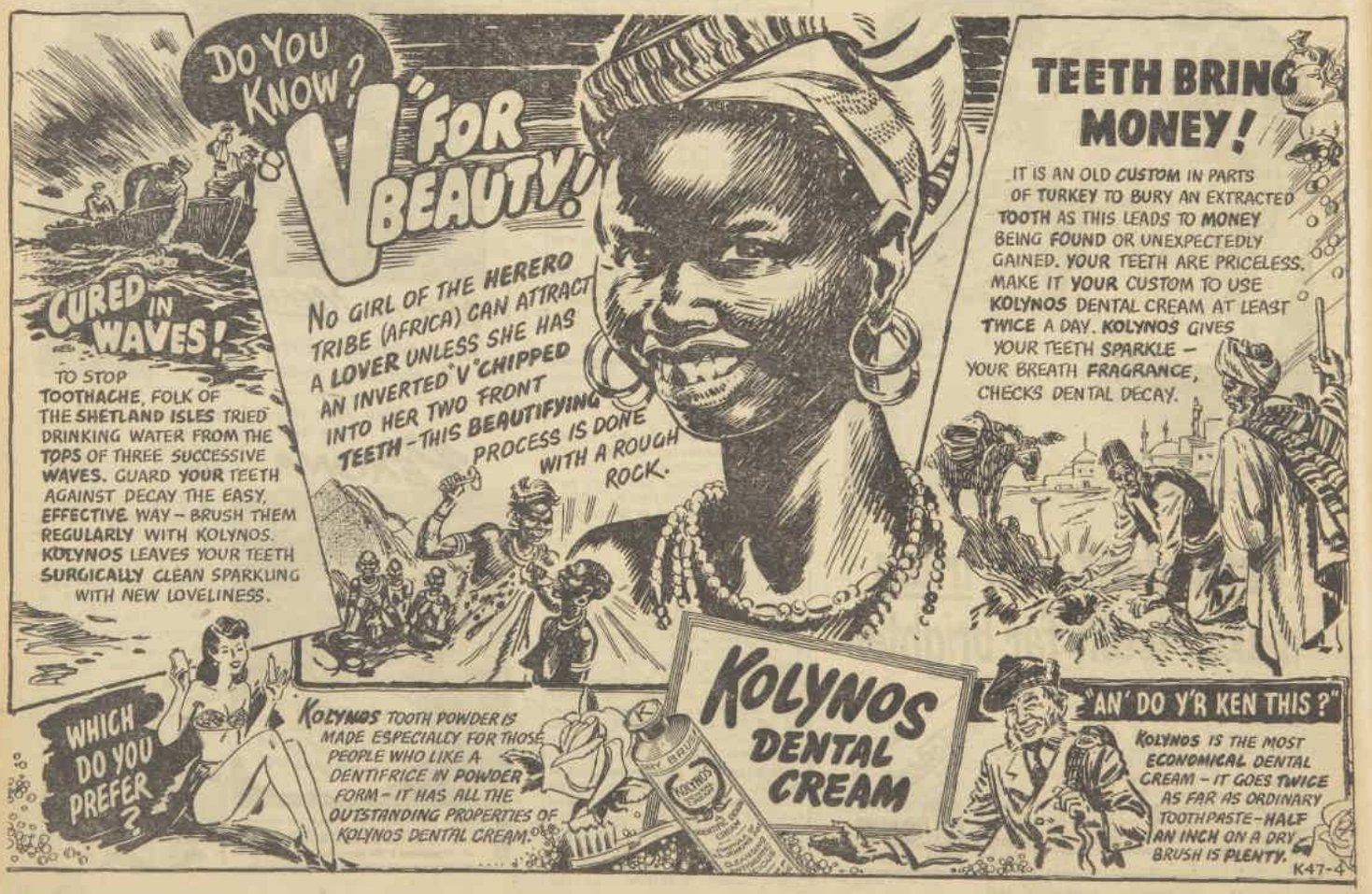

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Trouble in B Flat

Continued from page 31

HILDEGARDE exclaimed delightedly. "I shall have to take you to one of their concerts. I think one has to be absolutely democratic these days. I mean, that's what the war was for, wasn't it?"

Ding-Dong fled. Not until he was safely back in his quarters over the garage, next door to the blonde maid, did he remember he wasn't even supposed to think of music.

He had brought his clarinet with him, and he took it out now. He just sat there staring at it, and after a struggle he was able to put it away without blowing a note.

It was a will-power exercise he had figured out himself. He was about to get undressed when he heard the sobs from Anna's room.

"Haven't you heard?" she wailed when he put his head in. "It's terrible, just terrible! Ding-Dong Williams is dead! It was in all the papers," she went on brokenly. "They expect him to be washed ashore any time now."

Ding-Dong had never fretted over his appearance before. But the next week, until Anna recovered from the shock of his death, he went around with his hair mussed up. Knowing he was safe then, he settled down to lasting out that thirty days.

Hildegarde was always dreaming up little democratic deals, picnics, and cultured nights of listening to symphony records, and he spent his harassed days and frantic nights avoiding her growing interest.

While she frequently regarded him as rather odd, there was still that wild oboe vibration when he was in the room. Keeping in trim, by his twentieth day she had kissed him twice and once almost got a good nip out of his ear. Then it was that he finally took steps.

"Now you look here," he said wildly, "the Acme Employment Agency didn't say nothin' about us bein' friends. How can I have any dignity when I gotta keep lookin' over my shoulder to see where you are? If—if you keep this up I—I gotta give notice." He added hastily, "Not for ten days, though."

"Charles," Hildegarde pleaded. "Can't you see that I'm lonely, just dying on a little island of despair? We never have any callers, do we? Not one! I can't go throwing myself at my old friends either. They've never been the same once they started marrying my ex-husbands and fiances. All I have is you, Charles."

"Then you oughta start diggin' some new faces," he said. "You got a real production here, Miss Castle. Why don'tcha start giving a few clambakes? A high-society deal with some carriage-trade angle. Like bringing in a real combo."

"But that's weird!" she cried, "I couldn't be more astonished at your thinking up something so original! I'll make over the gardens into a lot of gay little booths, give all the proceeds to some charity, and hire the Continental String Quartet!"

The sheer thought of that fat foursome turned Ding-Dong to ice.

"But you don't want them around here," he stammered. "I—I mean I hear they're simply terrible."

"Charles!" She had gone regal, her waist shrinking at least two inches. "You don't know what you're talking about. Besides, what they're like is beside the point. No one ever hired them for a private party before. No matter what they'd cost, think of the publicity I'll get!"

One thin hand fluffing her hair, the erased blue eyes grew bright. "Only the other day I was reading the four Guttman brothers are bachelors. Can you imagine, Charles, four bachelors!"

Hildegarde had the French gardens all blossomed out with what she lurridly imagined were the little market booths of Louis XIV. It had taken a week and a good four months' alimony to achieve the medieval effect, but now, with her gardens overrun with ladies in lovely print dresses and flower hats, she regarded even the Continental String Quartet with some pleasure.

Mr. Williams, attired for the clambake as a valet with puffed wig, knee breeches, and white stockings, was checking the ladies' wraps.

"Couldn't I put on somethin' a little more dignified?" he asked bleakly. "I keep feelin' my knees are showing."

"Nonsense," Hildegarde replied. "It gives you character, Charles. But do try and look less harassed. The way you've been staring at that quartet! It's enough to make my blood run cold."

The crowd was seeking the folding chairs set up around the little music platform. The Guttmans were toning up their instruments as if violins were something they had invented personally.

Half a dozen latecomers were seeking the check-room.

He glanced at them, then his eyes grew large with terror. A thin blonde girl was looking uncertainly for the check-room attendant. To see so suddenly Angela's lovely pert face ended his career as a butler right then. He gave one wild moan, shivered twice, and bolted.

"Now, Charles!" Hildegarde cried. "I simply won't have this!"

He had shot around the corner. Numbed at the chance of Angela ever catching him in that appalling costume, he was beyond caring what Hildegarde shouted after him. Nothing could ever matter now. Not even the applause that was greeting Mr. Josef Guttman's robust announcement that "Clair de Lune" would be the first selection.

"I couldn't be more mortified!" Hildegarde was assuring the wan girl in the plain suit. "One simply can't do anything with the help these days."

The minute the girl was gone, Hildegarde sought her butler.

Not until she had ransacked his quarters—upstairs, downstairs, and the basement without finding a trace of Charles—did a sudden burst of applause bring her hurrying back to the gardens. At their classical peak, the Continental String Quartet had finished their first number. The Guttman brothers, aloof with portly dignity, waited for Josef to smile.

If he smiled it meant that "Afternoon of a Faun" was next. They were saving that in case he spotted any concert agents in the audience. He smiled suddenly.

"Kimball from Chicago," he whispered.

He announced the new piece while two maids were moving through the guests with tea. The Quartet, eager for their all-out assault on future bookings, waited impatiently for them to finish. Then the whole audience was deathly still, and Josef Guttman raised his bow.

"Not to forget," he whispered, "the grace, the lightness. Feeling, feeling! I have already collected the cheque."

As one soul they swept into it, tenderly. It lifted and soared above the hushed crowd and Ding-Dong went sick all the way through. He had collected his bag and his clarinet and taken secure refuge from Hildegarde in the expansive foliage behind the music-stand. There he was about to take off his uniform in the bushes when he saw Angela's lovely face.

He suddenly hated the Guttmans. It was the first time he had hated anyone, and it burned all through him. He forgot all about changing his clothes, he forgot all about anything but getting his clarinet out.

A thin, fluty note lifted birdlike over the strings.

Lost in "Afternoon of a Faun," Josef heard it first. It was the most delicate, the sheerest emotional pitch—a true faun call—he had ever heard from Hermann's violin. He smiled on Hermann and felt a lilting wildness creeping into his own playing. He began playing a bit faster without knowing it, trying to catch that elusive piping.

Now all of them heard it breezing in their souls, and beaming on this sudden inspiration they attributed to one another they bowed faster and harder. The faun's piping was growing wilder and louder, in its lost loneliness, and the Guttmans were off. Over hill and dale, maddening in its excitement, they chased that weird cry. Never had they been so fortissimo.

When it was they suddenly went into chase music, every man for himself, the astonished audience never knew. Strictly competitive, the Quartet forgot Kimball. The wild cry was shrieking in their very souls and Ding-Dong took them right into "Scrub Me, Mamma, With a Boogie Beat."

He was so worked up by then that he gave his famous long trill, the Ding-Dong Williams trademark. The Guttmans, swept up in that stamping hysteria, never had a chance then. Now they couldn't stop, wouldn't stop, and with the wildest clarinet of his time blowing the man down, it was a session the battered police never forgot.

Hildegarde fainted, three women punched one another, and when the police responded to a riot call, order was not restored until a Louis XIV butler, clutching wildly at his clarinet, was dragged from the bushes. Only then did Guttman collapse.

"But I love him," Angela cried. "I've always loved him. You can't go dragging him off to gaol just because he wasn't dead. It's not fair!"

"Lady," the cop said, "we ain't taking him to gaol. Don't you think the prisoner's got some rights? When we begin bringing lunatics in, though, I know where to start lookin'." He scowled at Ding-Dong. "If this Doctor Blakely checks his story about evaporatin' into thin air, you can have him."

His wig off now, still struggling violently, Ding-Dong had been dragged into the police car. But to hear Angela say she still loved him took all resistance from him. Siren howling, the car was speeding into Los Angeles, and he said hollowly, "I didn't want people thinkin' I was gonna be washed ashore, Angela. But I just hadda blow the Casino Gardens. Doctor Blakely said it was my only chance with you."

Angela sniffled. It was not enough that her fiance had been suddenly cast up from the bushes. It had come just at the moment she had recognised the Guttmans were the horrible fat men that had chased Ding-Dong into the jobby. Remembering how she had accused him of lying, she was filled with remorse.

"I'd only gone there hoping that for one hour at least I could think of something beside how much I loved you," she said desperately. "If you knew how much I'd missed you— Oh, darling, you can't be anything but yourself ever. And that's all I want! That's all I want!"

"Angela!" he cried. "Angela! You mean we're engaged?"

"You know I do," she sobbed. "Though I never thought I'd get engaged in a police car. Let alone one with a siren."

"You know something?" Ding-Dong said. "I'm going to kiss you, Angela. The minute they take these handcuffs off!"

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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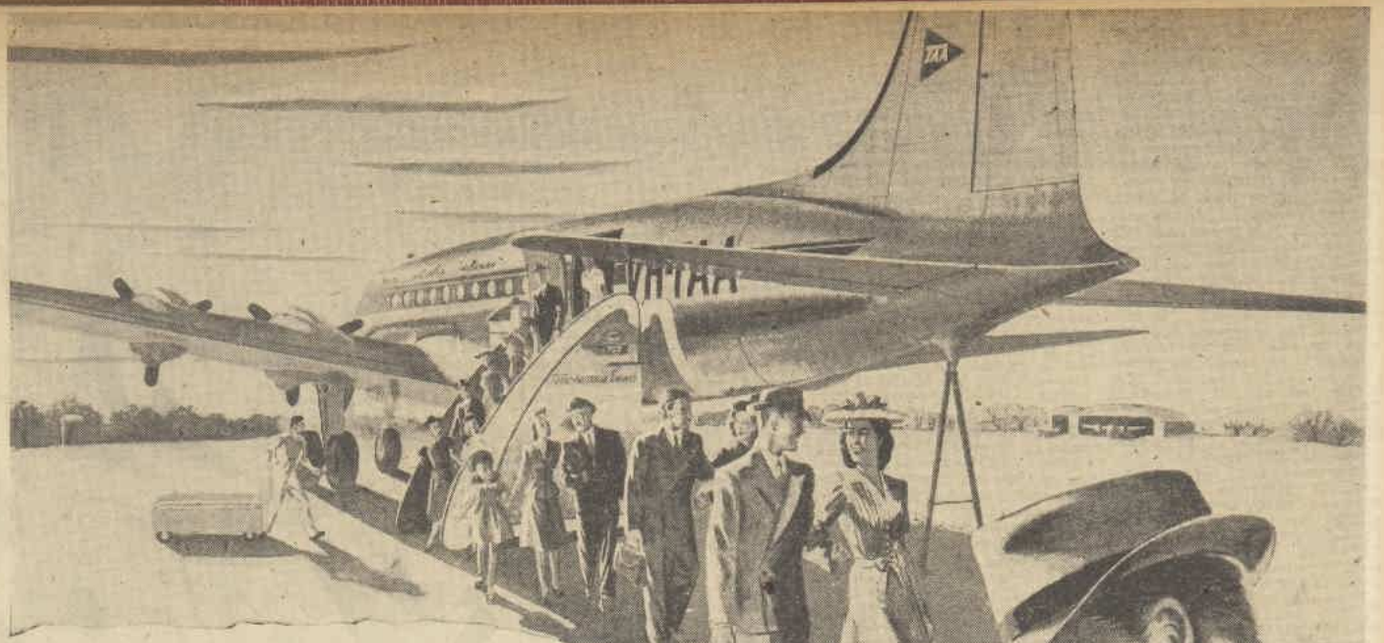

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So natural!

By SYLVIA WICKHAM

"At that moment there was a plop, a grinding, and a picture of a lady standing on her head was momentarily projected on the screen."

"THOUGH he is my husband," Thelma said, "what everybody always says about Tim's home movies is that they're so natural."

"Really?"

Thelma looked gentle and hurt. "Now, dear, has anything I said given you cause to take that nasty cynical tone? I've often thought what a pity it is you let yourself get like that—it gives people such a wrong idea."

"Then tell me about Tim's movies."

"Well, it's just that he seems to have this ability to make everything look so absolutely natural; everyone who's seen them says so."

"That's fine."

"Anyone would think," said Thelma, "that you didn't want to see Cedarville and all the people that we used to know when we were kids. I should think most people would just love to see real movies of their old home."

"And so I would," I said. "I'll be over to-morrow night at eight."

But when I made a strategic advance on the Mason household at 8.30 the following night, my host, the home movie mogul, was still engaged in adjusting the screen.

"It's this rod," he kept saying. "Something seems to have gone wrong with this rod."

At ten minutes past nine the first glimpse of modern Cedarville flashed before my eyes.

In the darkness I heard Thelma's nostalgic sigh. She always was sentimental.

Then Tim's voice came from the back of the room, gruff with the embarrassment that always seems to overtake people when they are showing you the baby for the first time or pretending they aren't proud of teaching Rover to howl when he hears crooners.

"Hasn't changed much, has it?"

"Tim," I said desperately, "I seem to have brought my wrong glasses. Everything's sort of cloudy."

"Well, it was really an awful day," Thelma began quickly. "That picture isn't one of the best. I suppose in a way we should have waited till the light was better. But she'll love the one that's coming next, won't she, Tim?"

Tim said: "She should; we took it for her."

As a large tree and part of a hedge flashed on the screen, Thelma gripped my arm. "There!"

"Oh, a tree!" I exclaimed delightedly. "How lovely. And a hedge, too!"

A horrible silence fell on the Mason theatrette.

Feeling that something further was required of me, I added hastily, remembering Thelma's words of the previous day, "It's so NATURAL."

Thelma spoke in hushed tones. "Do you really mean to say that that's all it means to you?"

"There are some chimneys, too," I added, peering intently at the foliage portrayed on the screen. "You can just see them behind the tree.

"Oh, Tim," said Thelma in a stricken voice. "It's her own home and all she says is that they're chimneys! How could you?"

There was a loud metallic crash from the back of the room and Tim said "Darn."

When we got started again Thelma explained, "That's me. I'm walking down the steps. That's me again picking sweet-peas. They were simply gorgeous, weren't they, Tim? And the most wonderful colors. It was a shame we didn't have any color film in the camera that day. But you can get a sort of idea even from just seeing them in black and white, can't you?"

"Oh, yes. Easily!"

"I think those deep purple ones in the middle there—really they were practically black—well, I've never seen anything like them before, have you, Tim?"

"They certainly look marvellous," I said. "But what a pity it was raining."

"What do you mean, raining?" Thelma asked. "It wasn't raining at all. It was an absolutely lovely day."

"I dare say she got the impression because of that little technical adjustment I forgot to make," Tim explained kindly. "Actually, if you didn't know what a perfectly wonderful day it happened to be, I dare say you might get that idea.

"This is rather an interesting one," Tim went on in the detached semi-professional tones of the film operator. "Actually I must have been holding the camera a bit crooked at the time, and I'm not absolutely satisfied with one of the new gadgets I was trying out that day, but coming from Cedarville you'll be interested."

"Tim, that was really thoughtful of you," I gasped, deeply touched. "Grandfather's grave! I'd know it anywhere."

"That," Thelma said in tones of frigid disapproval, "was the new School of Arts."

The School of Arts, still at its angle of thirty degrees, suddenly hopped from the screen on to the wall. Another loud metallic noise came from the back of the room and Tim said "Darn."

The Cedarville School of Arts disappeared from view and we were left in darkness.

"Has it gone again?" Thelma asked with wifely interest. "What a shame. Just when we were coming to the ones you took of me looking at Mrs. Higgins' marrows."

At that moment there was a plop, a grinding, and a picture of a lady standing on her head was momentarily projected on the screen.

This quickly gave way to Thelma, right side up, looking at Mrs. Higgins' marrows.

Touched by the familiarity of Mrs. H. and her marrow patch, I asked, "Who's waving?"

"What do you mean, waving?" Thelma asked. "Nobody's waving that I can see."

"Somebody keeps coming into the picture and waving," I replied doggedly. "There, they're waving their handkerchief so that you can hardly see Thelma or Mrs. Higgins or anything."

"Well, for the love of Mike," Tim observed, "She must mean that sheet that kept flapping when I didn't notice it."

"It was a Monday," Thelma said. "Mrs. Higgins was washing and we didn't realise that the sheets were blowing about so much.

"But there's a heavenly one coming next. I really think it's one of the best Tim's ever taken. The people we showed it to on Saturday night simply loved it."

In covering Cedarville's Children's Gymkhana Tim had certainly let his back hair down, and darn the footage.

No one could say he hadn't done a thorough job. It was marred only by the passing in unbroken procession before the camera of the citizens and children of Cedarville not engaged in equestrian competition.

This was comparatively innocuous and even mildly interesting in the early stages, but with the afternoon's advance the shadows of those who kept walking back and forth assumed longer and longer proportions, until at last they all but obliterated the Tiny Tots' Grand Final.

Tim said, "This'll make you laugh. It's Aunt Bess, beating the carpet. She didn't know I was taking it."

"There. That's what I meant when I told you of the wonderfully natural effects Tim gets," Thelma said. "It's so lifelike."

The dust didn't even clear sufficiently for me to see Aunt Bess, but the general effect was blurred and misty and generally relaxing.

"If only you'd been there," Thelma said, "you'd have died. It was terribly funny. I really thought I'd have had hysterics."

The next offering was a shot of the main street of Cedarville. I could recognise it quite plainly, though the picture only extended half-way across the screen, the left-hand side being perfectly blank.

"Goodness," I gasped, "don't tell me they've torn down the Post Office and Mulligan's store!"

"Faulty film," Tim explained in taciturn tones. "Darn shame. They've made some very fine additions to the Post Office. Pity you can't see them."

"I just LOVE the one that's coming next," Thelma exclaimed enthusiastically.

"It's Tim's little niece milking the cow. You just couldn't help loving it. It's the sweetest thing."

But Tim's niece and the cow were not for us that night.

After they had failed to materialise for some minutes Tim suddenly said, "That's torn it," and switched on the lights.

I looked in mock horror at my watch, exclaiming at the lateness of the hour.

"Usually Tim can fix it in about 20 minutes," Thelma suggested helpfully. "You haven't seen any of the ones of me trying to drive the tractor yet."

At the door Tim said, "Not a bad effort for a beginner, eh? Took you right back to Cedarville, didn't it? That's the great thing about home movies, they give pleasure to so many people."

"Not only that," I agreed. "They're so natural."

Dreams of stardom may come true

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

TWO new film faces will appear in 1947, as Kathleen Williams and Paule Croset make their screen debuts.

Brunette Kathleen was taken from her typewriter, where she was secretary to producer Davis Lewis, of Enterprise Studios, for a role in the Bergman film "Arch of Triumph."

Kathleen said, "While typing the 'Arch of Triumph' script I noticed a small but interesting part of a girl, Ruth Green, who has scenes with Boyer.

"When I found that the studio was having difficulty in casting the part, I suggested myself, and continued suggesting until I persuaded them to let me take a test.

"This is a dream come true for me, but, believe me, I worked hard for my opportunity."

Another equally determined young woman is Paule Croset, whose varied background is as enchanting as her dark beauty.

Paule has just been handed an exciting role opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Exile," which Fairbanks is producing.

Doug himself made the test with her, and let out a whoop of joy when he saw the results next day.

Paule thinks she won the part because "I have a faint accent from my mixed nationality of French, Swiss, and English. I was born in Tahiti.

"The part calls for a character, Lorraine, speaking with a faint French accent which is difficult for some Hollywood actresses to use and sound convincing."

The picture is based on the Cosmo Hamilton novel, "His Majesty the King."

* * *

AN eight-year-old British child actress, Katharine Beaumont, is the new rival for Margaret O'Brien at Metro.

The children are great friends, studying their lessons together in the Metro schoolhouse, and compare notes on British and American school systems.

Katherine, a blue-eyed blonde, and Margaret, a brown-eyed brunette, hope to play in films together.

Katharine told me, "Mummy and I were going to Canada for a holiday, but we met some people from Metro in New York who screen-tested me and signed me for Hollywood."

* * *

LATEST entry in the Valentino race is Selznick's dark horse, French actor Louis Jourdon, who makes his debut in "The Paradine Case."

Louis will be testing next week.

ALEXIS SMITH got a letter from Australia, asking if she wanted two wallabies from Toowoomba.

The writer added that he would ship them first if they are acceptable, and himself on the next boat.

Alexis hastily declined.

* * *

WALT DISNEY, back from his trip to Ireland, says his next release will be "Fancy Free," which is in two parts.

The first part has Donald Duck, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy in "Jack and the Bean Stalk."

The second half features singer Dinah Shore.

Disney says his story of leprechauns, titled "The Little People," will feature humans and cartoon characters.

* * *

BEAUTEOUS Ann Harding ages with a vengeance in Benedict Bogeaus' production, "Christmas Eve."

Transforming Ann from mature beauty into an old lady takes three full hours daily.

Ann mothers George Raft and George Brent in the film.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN actress and former ingenue Lotus Thompson resumes her screen work playing a maid named Clare Archer in Warners' "Woman in White."

The beauteous Lotus is now easing into mature roles.

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Lucky thirteen years for Anna Neagle

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Though Anna Neagle is an undimmed star to-day for millions of British moviegoers, she got her first break from ever dapper Jack Buchanan and was carefully nursed to fame by Herbert Wilcox, who is now her husband.

Her real patron, though, is the old gentleman with a white beard, who wields a scythe.

His name is Father Time and Anna is his darling.

FOR thirteen years time has stood benignly still so that Anna might not grow old and her name over cinemas would continue to spell out a magic formula at the "box office."

And at thirty-eight Anna Neagle still bewitches studio visitors with the dazzling freshness and shy charm of a newly risen star.

Success with a film still thrills her as though it was a new experience.

Nearly dancing for joy on the day I called on her at Sound City, Anna beamed, "It is fantastic, the luck Herbert and I have had with my latest film, 'Piccadilly Incident.'

"It broke every box office record held here, including 'Gone With the Wind.'

"We decided between ourselves at home that it was my lucky choice of the title that did it.

"Choosing names of well-known places for our titles has been a talisman, and 'I Live in Grosvenor Square,' with the real English atmosphere it implies, was a great success for the same reason.

"That is why Herbert agreed immediately when I suggested calling the new film I am now making with Michael Wilding 'The Courtneys of Curzon Street.'"

To celebrate her thirteenth lucky year as an established star and to help her husband, who has now contracted to make more films than he can handle personally, Anna herself has turned producer.

She is the only woman producer of straight films in Britain, and believes that her feminine intuition is better than many men's logic in dealing with delicate production problems.

"But I have no intention of producing films in which I will star myself—that would be foolish," she said.

"I think I have learned a lot about what moviegoers want, by following my films all over the country.

"I slip into the smallest cinemas and keep my eyes and ears wide open, to find how the audiences react.

"And you can take the word of a professional eavesdropper that the things people still want most are romance and nostalgia, and strong stories about people whose characters they can associate with their own.

"As a producer, I am also going to really apply myself to the job of nice clothes for the stars in my pictures.

"That is still a great weakness in British films."

Spread out before us on the set of "The Courtneys of Curzon Street" as we talked behind the camera was the lavish magnificence of a Victorian ballroom, glittering under the arc lights and chandeliers with all the romance and beauty that movie-lovers could want.

More than four hundred extras, dressed in the brilliant crimson-and-gold of the Hussar officers, in the elegant Guardsmen's ceremonial wear, and in the gracious bustled dresses of society ladies, moved and talked while electricians shifted the lights.

Anna Neagle, dressed in a gown made entirely of fine Brussels lace and wearing a seed pearl and amethyst collar necklace, whispered: "In this film there is one thing about which I am a little unhappy.

"It is a 'natural' for technicolor but shortages of equipment have forced us to film in black and white."

Family saga

THE story of "The Courtneys of Curzon Street" covers the life since the beginning of the century of the Courtney family, in which Anna, as a lady's maid, weds aristocratic Michael Wilding.

They grow into a gracious old couple against a stirring background of history, and their life of married happiness enables them to give full blessing to their socialite grandson's marriage to a girl of humble family.

"Luckily, I kept my vow and did not produce as well as act in the film," Anna smiled.

Making pictures with "Anna and Herbert," as they are affectionately known in filmdom, is like a family affair.

As in Anna's two previous pictures, their close friend, the Australian star of the West End stage, Coral Browne, once more stepped into a role, this time to oblige them because newcomer Beryl Baxter, whom they had cast as Anna's society rival, fell ill.

Coral goes straight from the studio to her stage lead opposite Edwin Styles in the current West End success, "Lady Frederick."

Michael Wilding, who is a frequent visitor to the Wilcoxs' modest home at Deacon's Hill, Elstree, is booked as Anna's romantic partner in many future films.

This time, playing the role in which we remember Anna Neagle best—Queen Victoria—is Madge Brindley, who, with one exception, has played in every film of the Neagle-Wilcox partnership.

It is a partnership that keeps their best friends arguing.

They cannot settle in which sphere it is most successful—at home or in the studio.

ANNA NEAGLE, blonde and beautiful English star, who is listed among the ten most popular screen players in British films for 1946. She is the wife of producer Herbert Wilcox, and recently announced her intention of producing films herself, though she will not act in her own productions.

Australian actresses in British film

By cable from a London correspondent

AUSTRALIA heads an international cast at Sound City, where they are shooting "A Man About the House," adapted from Francis Brett Young's novel.

Supporting co-stars Margaret Johnston (Australian) and newcomer Kieron Moore (Irishman) is the widely travelled Australian musical comedy soprano Byrl Walkley, who played leads in "The Merry Widow," "The Maid of the Mountains," and many other favorites in Australia.

The supporting cast for this film, which has a Neapolitan setting, is a mixture of Spanish and Italian players, specially imported for the film.

THOUGH the public caught only a minor glimpse of Derek Bond in "The Captive Heart," movieland is showing its belief in his screen future by going ahead with his third stellar role, before his other two in "The Loves of Joanna Godden" and as Nicholas in "Nicholas Nickleby" have been released for his fans' approval.

Now Derek says he stars in "Uncle Silas."

★ ★ ★

ENGLAND'S version of the petty racketeer and blackmarket operator is to be immortalised in a crop of new films.

He is the "Spiv," recognised by his huge padded shoulders, long overcoats, patent-leather hair, and smart-aleck ways, and his first screen interpreter will be usually well-bred, suave Griffith Jones, in "A Convict Has Escaped."

★ ★ ★

PATRICIA ROC knew how young starlet Jan Hylton felt when, all in the cause of screen beauty, she was about to undergo an operation to remove a mole on her face.

So she made a pleasant gesture with a visit to Jane on the set at Gainsborough to say, "Don't worry. There is nothing to it. I ought to know—I had one taken from my face."

★ ★ ★

BRITISH films are making an impression on the fashion world in the Hollywood manner, with style stunts to publicise their productions.

The latest example comes from Cineguild's film stylists, who inspired the creation of "Great Expectations Scarf."

First modelled by star Valerie Hobson, it shows the title of the film rolling like a cloud of dust under the wheels of an old stage coach, and with famous Dickens characters woven round it.

JOSEPH COTTEN seems to be registering some doubt about the success of the make-up which Loretta Young is applying while they are on location for R.K.O.'s "Katie for Congress."

It's that lovely CHIFFON effect—

See your skin take on new fineness, new smoothness, new youthful colour with CHIFFON FACE POWDER!

Use very little; smooth it on carefully and evenly, studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder-base or none at all.

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Five lovely stars . . .

• BETTY GRABLE, who has announced that she will soon retire permanently from films. In this picture she is dressed for the starring role in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," her latest Fox film.

• LINDA DARNELL, who is listed high among the screen's most beautiful women. At present she is playing the leading role in the much discussed and costly Fox production, "Forever Amber." She is the wife of Peverell Marley.

• MAUREEN O'HARA, Irish beauty, who recently visited her homeland after completing her part in the RKO film, "Sinbad the Sailor," starring Douglas Fairbanks.

• JEANNE CRAIN, bright young Fox star, who has retired temporarily from the screen to await the birth of her first child. Her most recent film is the light comedy, "Margie."

• CATHY DOWNS, described by Somerset Maugham as the prettiest girl in Hollywood. She is expected to win approval for her role in the Fox production, "My Darling Clementine," a period Western.

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LADY IN THE LAKE

1 MYSTERY BEGINS when detective Phillip Marlowe (Robert Montgomery) receives call from secretary Adrienne (Audrey Totter) for help in solving disappearance of Chrystal.

2 MIRROR REFLECTION at Adrienne's flat shows Phillip as he talks about Chrystal, wife of Adrienne's employer, as a body, apparently hers, has been found in lake.

3 CARETAKER'S REPORT from lake to Adrienne makes it appear that, before her death, Chrystal had run away with man called Lavery, who later assaults Phillip.

4 FIRST AID needed by Phillip after fight with Lavery and rough treatment by police, after his arrest by strange order of police lieutenant who resents Phillip's work.

STAR DIRECTS OWN THRILLER

MGM's thriller is Robert Montgomery's first directing assignment and he is the star. He persuaded the studio to try a new technique of letting the camera tell the story. He appears in person only in the opening and closing sequences. In the middle sequences audiences only hear his voice, see his hands, his cigarette, or his reflection in a mirror, as he is telling the story, as that is the only way in which he could see himself.

Raymond Chandler, well-known detective-story writer, was the author.

5 AT POLICE STATION Phillip tells Capt. Kane (Tom Tully) his suspicion of Lieut. De Garmont's (Lloyd Nolan) part in murder.

6 DEEPER MYSTERY for Phillip when he gets word to visit flat and see missing woman. He suspects message is murderer's trap to kill him.

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BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is braced up as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries, recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

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HAIR

Your crowning glory may attract the admiring eye. But what's the use if your hirsute limbs repel? Hirsute? Shs-ss . . . it's the polite word for hairy (even the word is unpleasant). And unsightly hair on your limbs is strictly taboo!

Your arms and legs can be cleansed of all beauty-spoiling hair in a few minutes. Just slip a Silkymit Hair Remover over your fingers, give those hirsute areas a gentle rubbing and, presto!—all that blemishing hair is whisked away in the simplest, safest, quickest manner ever devised. No chemicals. No sticky messes to apply. No painful rooting out. No coarse stubble. And by removing the dry, upper epidermic film as well, Silkymit imparts a silken sheen that leaves your skin petal-smooth.

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. . . By . . . The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts.

MMM-M! Who wouldn't enjoy a hearty wedge of this triple-decker flapjack, sandwiched with piping hot creamed rabbit and vegetables! See recipe on this page.

HOT AND SAVORY DISHES

APPETISING savory dishes are always in demand for week-end suppers, or odd, week-day luncheons. These are not main meal dishes—they're savory snacks for occasions calling for something light and hot.

SAVORY PUFFS

Three-quarters cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups cold mashed potatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, milk, 2 cups minced cold meat, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins or sultanas, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 finely chopped apple, a little gravy.

Combine meat, parsley, curry powder, raisins or sultanas, onion, apple, lemon rind and juice. Moisten with gravy, season with salt and pepper. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix into mashed potato, using a little milk. Turn on to floured board, roll to ¼in thickness, cut into 5in. squares. Place a spoonful of meat mixture on to each square—moisten edges, fold to form a triangle. Press edges together with a fork. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden-brown. Serve piping hot.

TOMATO RAREBIT

One level tablespoon margarine, 2 level tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, 1 cup roughly chopped tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ¼th teaspoon mustard, 1½ cups grated cheese, 1 cup cooked peas, 4 slices toast, chopped parsley

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk and roughly chopped tomatoes. Simmer 5 minutes. Rub through a coarse strainer, add salt, cayenne, mustard, cheese, and peas. Reheat without boiling. Serve at once on hot toast, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

THREE-DECKER FLAPJACKS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, ½ pint milk, 2 tablespoons melted shortening, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 2 cups minced cooked rabbit meat, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons finely minced ham, 2 cups cooked diced vegetables (carrot, celery, peas), 3 cups white sauce.

Divide white sauce into 2 equal portions. Mix rabbit meat, ham, and lemon juice with one portion; to the other add carrot, celery, and peas. Reheat both, but do not allow rabbit to boil.

Sift flour and salt into a basin, add cheese and onion. Fold in beaten eggs and milk, beat until smooth. Add melted shortening. Melt a little butter in frying-pan, pour in 1-3rd of mixture, cook steadily until set, turning to brown. Remove from pan, keep hot. Make 2 more flapjacks with balance of mixture. Join 2 flapjacks with creamed vegetables, spread rabbit mixture on top, cover with third flapjack. Serve hot garnished with tomato slices.

CREAMED FISH AND EGGS

Two cups cooked flaked fish, ½ cup cooked diced celery, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled red pepper (if liked).

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes over low heat. Fold in fish, celery, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and red pepper. Reheat and carefully fold in lemon juice. Do not allow to boil again after lemon juice is added. Serve piping hot with crisp Melba toast.

MEXICAN TRIPE

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 level tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch of herbs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup tomato puree, ½ cup stock or water.

Cook tripe in salted water until tender, drain, cut into ½in. cubes. Melt margarine or butter, add onion and carrot, allow to brown lightly. Add tripe, parsley, herbs, and lemon. Stir in flour blended with tomato puree and stock or water. Season with salt and pepper, cover and simmer 20 minutes over very low heat, stirring occasionally. Serve very hot.

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

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IF NAIL-POLISH spills on leather or leather-covered surface, dab off quickly with nail-polish remover and finish with a cloth wrung from warm water.

TO PREVENT grease or fat from spattering all over the place, sprinkle a little flour in the pan before adding fat. Salt is also just as effective, but may leave an unwanted salty taste.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

PAINT the top of your pie with beaten egg and water before putting in the oven. This gives it a fine glazed appearance.

* * *

HERE'S a good tip: Freshen stale cake by wrapping it in a clean tea-towel and placing in a warm oven for a few seconds before serving.

* * *

IF you find it difficult to separate egg-yolks from the whites, use a small funnel . . . The whites will slip through and the yolks will stay on top.

* * *

DON'T throw away that empty adhesive-tape spool—it's just the thing on which to wind your tape measure; keeps it clean and unwrinkled.

TENDER CARE: When cooking peas don't put your salt in until they are nearly cooked.

* * *

BEST way to wash chamois is to use lukewarm water and add a little glycerine to the final rinsing water. You'll find it will stay soft, especially if worked between the fingers before it is quite dry.

* * *

SAVE your eggshells, for they're good for cleaning small-necked bottles and decanters. Break them into pieces small enough to slip through neck of the bottle or decanter, add warm water, and shake well.

CULTIVATE MORE FERNS

EVERYONE should have a fernery or at least grow a few of our native ferns in the shadiest part of the garden. They rarely require more than poor, acid soil—and some protection.

At one time the gardener who wanted ferns merely wandered out into the nearest gully and took what he or she wanted—and they increased enormously every year.

But in recent years, owing to the depredations of the commercial vandal and the unthinking collector who took every plant showing, leaving none to carry on the species, most of our rarest and many of our most beautiful native ferns have disappeared.

This is rapidly occurring in N.S.W. to those epiphytic ferns the stag and elkhorn. Notwithstanding rigid policing of the Wildflower Act and regular publication of lists of protected plants and ferns, huge lorry-loads of them still appear each week in the Sydney markets.

It is possible that many native ferns are marketed just as ruthlessly in other States.

But many big nurserymen raise millions of ferns a year, both native and introduced species, and by this means the city dweller who requires plants can usually obtain them at a low rate.

In addition to elk and staghorn ferns, which grow extensively along the eastern coastal fringe, the tree-ferns are also common only to the Pacific side of the Commonwealth. Western Australia has none of them.

These, too, make a magnificent display when transplanted from the bush to the garden, and when shorter-statured types are planted below them they make a truly wonderful show of restful greenery.

Some of the best ferns for the big fernery or bush-house are the todeas, osmundas, and the lygodiums or climbing ferns. Selaginellas are small but beautiful mossy types, and adiantums or maidenhair ferns are known by everyone.

Other species worth asking for when selecting ferns are asplendiums (bird's-nest fern), of which there are many varieties, blechnums, braineas, davallias, didymochlaenas, gymnogrammes, lomarias, nephrolepis, onychiums, platyceriums (stag and elkhorn types), polypodiums, pteris, asplenium, cheilanthes, crytomiums, doodias, lastreas, nephrodiums, pellaeas, polystichums, and many others.—**OUR HOME GARDENER.**

UNOPENED FRONDS of tree-fern, extremely decorative, which bring to mind design for the crosier carried by bishops.

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Shu-Milk

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It seems like a miracle! In only 10 days a smoother, clearer complexion — without expensive massage or face packs! Yet thousands of women are bringing new glamour and interest into their lives by this simple 10-day beauty care. Here's all you do:

1. Each morning (and whenever you make up) put your powder over a glamourising foundation of ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM. **Then** you'll radiate loveliness for hours. A precious ingredient has now been added to make Erasmic Vanishing Cream softer, lighter and spread amazingly fast.

2. Each night smooth luscious ERASMIC COLD CREAM into your skin. It's now a specially **deep** cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions . . . softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.

4. Into your now-immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price 1/2 each—get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

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JOINT PAINS

so much better now

Many people agree that but for De Witt's Pills they might still be tied to the house, racked by joint pains, almost afraid to move. But De Witt's Pills have saved them from that. They have found the blessed relief that so often comes to those who turn to this trusted family medicine.

You, too, should know that when aches and twinges in the joints are due to faulty action of sluggish kidneys, De Witt's Pills are a most effective medicine. They are specially prepared to act directly on the kidneys. De Witt's Pills help to disperse clogged-up poisons in these vital organs, which are toned up and stimulated to full activity.

So ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day and don't be content with a little relief—use them long enough in order to get the fullest possible benefit.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

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WE'VE STARTED HER ON NUGGET — ISN'T SHE BRIGHT!

THE DAILY DOSE OF NUGGET DOES IT!

'NUGGET'

SHOE POLISH

For a fast and lasting shine

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QUICK RELIEF
for skin irritations

Scheming a head for summer . . .

A TYPICAL summer sports girl models our "before" and "after" pictures. (Above) Vital, healthy-looking hair showing the result of care and attention. (Right) Parched and brittle from over-sunning before treatment.

By . . . CAROLYN EARLE

● Nothing is more inviting than sunny days, but nothing invites hair problems faster.

THOSE all-day trips to the beach with frequent salt-water drenchings, the hours spent on tennis court, golf course, or in the garden—all these and other pleasant, normal summer pastimes add up to dry, sun-streaked hair, coarse and often stubborn to handle.

The sun, with its tremendous drying qualities, plus the power to inflict that artificial bleached look, will act more quickly than any other element to harm hair texture.

And if tresses are thin to start with, the sun will continue to dry out the scalp and the hair may fall out more readily.

Swimming can also be arch-enemy of hair beauty, for the hair absorbs a great deal of water, and when salt water dries out it takes with it some of the natural scalp and hair oils, leaving a most unattractive, strawlike brittleness.

Hence the inevitable bathing-cap firm around the hairline before the plunge, and emphasis on hair-washing as soon as possible after leaving the water, plus brushing and a creamy pomade to give sheen and offset the drying.

Easiest way to counteract the entire summer-hair situation is, of course, to keep the head under cover at all times, but it's so nice to go hatless that few follow this suggestion. But at least when you know you are to be out-of-doors in bright sunlight for any length of time, it's good sense to provide head protection for the worst of the heat.

Don't minimise the power of the hairbrush, either, as polish persuader. Just recall grandmother's luxuriant hair and her never-skimped daily brushings. The sturdy, strong-bristled brush is the implement, used once or twice daily, morning or night, or both, whenever it is most convenient. A few moments are better than none.

Add a new twist to this time-worn suggestion for better results. Hold the brush firmly in one hand. With the other hand hold a section of hair (about twice as much as would go to a pin curl) away from the scalp.

With short, vigorous strokes, rotate the brush at the roots of the hair in a half-circle upward motion, six or eight times under each section. This loosens dirt particles, helps hair growth, shines and polishes. And if the hair is short it will help hold the curl, because you are constantly brushing **upward**.

Care pays dividends

DURING the summer season it is a good idea to have your hair washed regularly by your hairdresser, and improve topknot-beauty with a course of scalp treatments; these are wonderfully soothing, loosen the scalp and stimulate circulation, work off scalp-scuff and promote growth and regrowth.

Of course, it's true that all these things will make for lovelier hair at any time of year, but it is during the summer particularly they pay personal-appearance dividends.

For between-salon appearances, here are some suggestions for dealing with water-logged and weathered heads in the boudoir. Before the actual shampooing brush the hair well and massage the scalp briskly for a few minutes.

To Remove Salt Water: Many soapings and rinsings; salt may be embedded, with oil and perspiration, near the roots, so massage these spots vigorously during soapings. A neutral shampoo should be used, followed by a mildly acid rinse such as highly diluted lemon juice, or a specially marketed one that you know and like. This neutralises any alkali clinging to the hair.

Hot-Oil Treatment: Sometimes it is advisable to give salt-laden hair a hot-oil treatment. This is how it's done: Put three tablespoons of castor oil (preferred to olive oil because it is more penetrating) in a cup and set it in the open top of a kettle in which there is boiling water. When the oil is hot, remove the cup from the kettle. Dip a dab of cotton-wool into the oil and apply it along the hair parting.

Keep parting the hair off in half-inch sections, rubbing the warm oil on to the scalp each time until it is covered. Rub well with each application, and when the head is completed massage thoroughly all over with a rotary movement, using the fingertips.

Squeeze any oil that is left in the cup over the hair ends, then comb through thoroughly to spread it through the hair.

Now take a towel, saturate it with very hot water from the kettle, and, while holding your head over the basin, twist the towel round your hair, squeezing it to force the vapor to the scalp. Repeat several times, using up your hot water. Then tie your head in a dry towel, turban fashion, and leave for an hour or two, perhaps while you continue with the housework.

Finally shampoo the hair, giving it three separate soapings, and rinsing thoroughly each time (oil is hard to wash out). Continue the rinsing until the hair squeaks its signal that all soap and oil are washed out.

Egg Shampoo: This treatment cleanses the scalp without taking away natural oils; good while supplies of eggs are plentiful and medium priced. For dry, brittle—and overbleached—hair. (Warning . . . not for freshly permed, white hair.)

Use four to six eggs, beaten well, and apply directly to the hair without water. Massage into the scalp, rinse with warm water, never hot. Repeat a second time. Rinse well with warm water and towel-dry. No acid rinse is necessary with an egg-shampoo.

Make baby's hair grow curly

Curlypet
FOUR WEEKS TREATMENT... 3/8
If far from town send postal note or stamps to Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

SUN OR WIND CANNOT BURN THROUGH Hamilton's SUNBURN CREAM

Not greasy, vanishes instantly, no 'feel' whatever, yet the fairest skin will tan, but CANNOT BURN, under the finest film of Hamilton's.

Research on photographic plates and on most sensitive human skin has proved that Hamilton's is a cream which DOES PREVENT SUNBURN.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

IN MIDDLE AGE KIDNEYS OFTEN NEED THIS HELP

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if frequent and poor kidney action is experienced Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous wastes out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day.

An excess of acids or poisonous matter in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling and puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for *Doan's Backache Kidney Pills*, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 40 years. *Doan's* are a special medicine for the kidneys and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills
DP8

She dreamed of happiness

Dearest Anne,—

Last night I dreamed a dream. I dreamed that some clever, gifted brain created a most wonderful thing for the skin, and when I used it, my skin looked young again.

O, I was so happy; so VERY happy.

I dreamed that this most precious cream took right out of my skin so many of its faults, and signs of age, and made it look so clear; so nice; so young; so very, very lovely.

And when I went forth in the streets, my friends stopped me and exclaimed:—

"My dear, my dear, what have you done to your skin? For it looks so young; as lovely as a flower."

And when morning came I woke and was glad. For there, upon my dressing table, with the morning sun upon it, was my jar of Creme Charmosan I had bought the night before.

Anne dear, Anne dear, DO dreams come true? Will mine? I'm SURE it will.

Lovingly,
Jessica.

Make your hands lovely with Cutex

The polish that wears, gleams, and is easiest to apply—and select the shades that are right for you.

CUTEX
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

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Successful Marriages

start in the kitchen!

Now the new mistress of the house can go right ahead with some of those girlhood dreams — planning lovely meals for her man, preparing all sorts of interesting little dishes and safe in the knowledge that Pyrex is going to make failure-free cooking easy.

The not-so-glamorous tasks of the kitchen become fun, too, with Pyrex. Just one dish for cooking, serving and storing, and when it comes to washing up, the suds banish grease from Pyrex in the twinkling of an eye!

AGEE

PYREX

Now available from all leading stores

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

EVERY GENUINE "AGEE PYREX" PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED AGAINST OVEN BREAKAGE

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ELEGANCE (Charm type), one of the best pink Paulwelsii hybrids, and a champion.

GARIBALDI, another lovely cymbidium carrying more than four hundred very choice blooms.

MEMORII ALBERTI (named after King of Belgium), champion plant at Ghent Quinquennial.

PRINCESS ASTRID (Eagle x Vesta), last year's champion.

TEN THOUSAND ORCHIDS

● An Australian is the proud possessor of the third largest collection of cymbidium orchids in the world—10,000 potted plants —Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

VISUALISE these plants carrying from 20 to 600 blooms apiece, all at one time, and you get a mental picture of this fairyland of color and variety of form.

Experts from England and America who have seen this collection in the conservatory of Mr. S. Shead, Homer Street, Undercliffe, N.S.W., unhesitatingly describe it as equal to the best in their own countries and one of the finest in the world.

I was recently afforded an opportunity of inspecting the lovely plants, and was assured by Mr. Shead that he started with only a few back bulbs (bulbs from previous years), some of which cost him about 10/- each. But under his care and expert supervision even these cheap varieties have in some cases since won championships.

In every case it is noticeable that the plants are extremely large, vigorous, floriferous, and entirely free from signs of disease and insect-pest attack. This is due to Mr. Shead's secret compost and scientific feeding programme—both of which are entirely new and unorthodox—revolutionary (horticulturally speaking) in fact.

By a special study of soils, composts, temperatures, and conditions he has devised methods for raising seedlings and cultivating back bulbs that have shown surprising results. One back bulb alone, under his system, has produced as many as ten growths in a year.

Fully 75 per cent. of his entire collection of 10,000 potted plants is now producing new bulbs with an average circumference of 12 inches. One of plants has growths 14 inches in circumference.

Mr. Shead, who is a York Street soft-goods merchant, is not a commercial orchid grower, but is always willing to share his experience and knowledge with amateurs and professionals alike. He invites orchid lovers to visit his collection (by appointment only), and correspondence will receive prompt attention.

Although he has been exhibiting his plants at shows only during the past two seasons, he has already won three grand championships, has been unbeaten both years for the best six cymbidiums in Australia, first prize for the best three in color, has won a championship silver cup, and was this year awarded a specially struck bronze medallion by the N.S.W. Orchid Society for the best plant shown during the season.

The gem of his collection is the giant Princess Elizabeth, a Westonbirt hybrid (Alexanderii x Princess Astrid-Bellissima). This huge plant, grown in an 18-inch pot, is recognised by experts throughout Australia as the most spectacular and striking ever seen in Australia. It gained the bronze medal.

Some of the growths of the plant this year were 15½ inches in circumference, and threw four stems, 1½ inches in diameter at the base, 6 feet tall and carrying up to 22 of the largest flowers ever seen in this country.

The plant attracted sensational attention at each of the four shows in Sydney, and Mr. Shead several times refused offers running into hundreds of pounds for the plant—or part of the plant.

Others in his collection are shown in color on this page and include Princess Astrid (Eagle x Vesta), named after Princess Astrid, which gained a championship for him two years running.

Then there was Charm Elegance (Ceres x Erythrostylum), one of the choicest in his collection; Garibaldi (Butterfly x Castor), which bore 400 blooms this season; President Wilson (one of our finest yellow cymbidiums); and Gossoon (twice grand champion in 1945 and runner-up with Princess Astrid for best two orchids in 1946.

That there is nothing wrong with his secret compost and feeding programme is shown by the cleanliness, health, and vigor of the foliage, the tremendous vigor of the stems, and flower size and substance.

Mr. Shead is definitely of the opinion that the cymbidium orchid will eventually become the flower of the future and be grown easily and generously by thousands of Australians.

LOVELY CLUMP of Alexanderii-Westonbirt cross cymbidiums showing quality blooms.

PAULWELSII HYBRID has blooms of great substance and fine color.

NOVEL AND DELIGHTFUL CENTREPIECE to add charm and variety to your next pre-theatre dinner, bridge-party, or shower tea. Arrange posies for each of your guests in a flattish bowl and attach by ribbons to each individual place card. The flowers used for this picture came from the home garden, but you can go all exotic if you wish. Have a very special spray for the guest of honor. It's a wise plan to keep posies in dampened paper in refrigerator until the last minute, with tinfoil round stems. Don't put water in the bowl; sprinkle flowers to keep them fresh. After the posies have been drawn out by your guests, replace empty dish with another charming flower-filled bowl.

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EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES, by Hesling

VIVE LA MOUTARDE! *(LONG LIVE THE MUSTARD!)*

Here is a discriminating Frenchman eating his boots avec buttons during the siege of Paris in 1870. "What care I," he is reputed to have said, "for with the mustard of MESSIEURS KEEN most things are palatable."

Note: The plastic bowl on the right contains Salad de Buffalo Grass in a plain dressing—and it's a tip well worth remembering that a modest pinch of KEEN'S MUSTARD improves all sorts of salad dressings, either plain or fancy.

K1/127

"I'M MAKING ICE CREAM AT HOME AGAIN, NOW THAT CREAM IS AVAILABLE ... AND I'M MAKING IT FOR HALF THE COST—WITH

HANSEN'S Ice Cream MIX

HOOVER

- The World's Best Cleaner
- Made in England
- Instantly converted for above-the-floor cleaning
- Complete cleaning kit with each machine
- Limited supplies now available
- Pre-war prices plus sales tax

Australian Agents:

JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.

165 Clarence Street, Sydney

Telegrams: "Hooverall," Sydney

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

HERE IS WHAT you need to make fluffed eggs (illustrated below): Stiffly beat 4 egg-whites with salt and pepper. Pile on to toast, drop egg-yolks into each hollowed centre. Draw egg-white over top. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven until egg is set.

It tops the prize-list:

SPICED POT ROAST

● For those who like the more highly flavored foods spiced pot roast is a winner.

SUMMER luncheon slice, another winner in this week's recipe contest, is guaranteed to win favor.

Well flavored with curry powder and lemon rind, served with fresh salad vegetables and a deliciously cool apple mayonnaise, it will be ideal for hot summer days.

SPICED POT ROAST.

Four-pound piece bolar roast or rolled chuck steak, 1 good tablespoon dripping, one dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon ginger, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon mustard, 2 cups tomato puree or 1 cup tomato puree and 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 chopped onions, salt and pepper.

Rub meat thoroughly with dry ingredients well mixed together. Brown in fuming fat. Add remaining ingredients and simmer gently over very low heat 2½ to 3 hours, or place meat in a casserole after browning and add other ingredients, cover and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 2 to 2½ hours. Serve meat on hot dish with gravy in a separate bowl.

Using an asbestos mat helps to keep heat very low and even and prevents evaporation of gravy.

First Prize of £1 to Miss D. E. Irvine, c/o 148 Devonshire Street, Sydney.

SUMMER LUNCHEON SLICE

Three large tomatoes, 1 onion, 2lb. minced steak, ¼lb. bacon rashers, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Apple Mayonnaise: Quarter cup lemon juice, ½ cup melted shortening, 2/3rds cup condensed milk, 1 unbeaten egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 large grated apple.

Slice: Remove skin from tomatoes. Chop finely. Add grated onion, minced meat, finely chopped bacon, breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and curry powder. Bind with beaten eggs. Form into a roll. Wrap in greased paper, tie in cloth, and boil from 1 to 1½ hours. Remove cloth and paper—allow to become cold before slicing. Serve with salad vegetables and apple mayonnaise.

Apple Mayonnaise: Place ingredients in bottle in order given. Shake well for 2 or 3 minutes. Chill thoroughly and shake before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McSharry, 8th Avenue, Home Hill, Qld.

VELVETY ICE-CREAM

Half a level teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 level dessertspoon butter, ½ cup powdered milk, 1 cup fresh milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place gelatine, water, sugar, and butter in a saucepan. Melt all together over very low heat. Beat powdered milk into slightly warmed milk. Add melted ingredients, beat well. Freeze until well thickened. Remove from trays. Beat in chilled basin until doubled in bulk. Add vanilla, return to trays. Freeze.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Phillips, 11 Keith Street, Earlwood, N.S.W.

CHERRY CROQUETTES

One pound cherries, ½ cup sugar, water, 3½ cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1½ cups stale cake crumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, egg glazing and cake crumbs, fat for frying, castor sugar, cinnamon, lemon juice.

Stone cherries and cook with sugar and a very small quantity of water until tender. Drain off nearly all the juice. Add breadcrumbs, cake crumbs, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Spread mixture on dish. Allow to cool. Shape into croquettes. Brush with egg-glazing and roll in cake crumbs. Deep fry in fuming fat till golden brown. Drain and serve sprinkled with sugar, cinnamon, and lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McIvor, 22 Raynell Street, West Croydon, S.A.

FLUFFED EGGS, golden brown and piping hot from the oven, are the ideal fare for breakfast or luncheon. See picture at top for recipe.

MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

News for the "Over-forties"

If you feel older than you look, and your mirror shows you a woman who looks older than she should, *start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day.* The revitalizing effect of a course of Phyllosan must be experienced to be appreciated. It is so easy! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity).

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains santonin, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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It's Wonderful ! everything looks New

Shabby damaged Bags gleam like new leather!

It's a fact! You should see them as they come in—worn, wrinkled, shabby, damaged. But then they go through the process—individually cleaned, expertly repaired, and then on goes the plastic-leather dye spray. Done by hand, it gives the surface of NEW Leather. ANY colours (yes, white, too). ANY repairs. New plastic handles, slippers mended. No bag too far gone! And prices so reasonable.

Gloves repaired, re-dyed, brilliantly renewed!

As different as chalk from cheese from the old, plain way of re-dyeing. Those never looked NEW. But our plastic dye gives that smooth, gleaming surface all over again. Repairs are done with the very stitch used in new gloves—you couldn't tell! Australia's cleverest needlewoman at work! Don't think your gloves are too shabby or old—we take a pride in making them shop-fresh again.

Dolls too, made like new. No dolly is beyond hope!

When tragedies happen to dolls, a repair is far better than a new, unloved doll to replace the old favourite. The doctors at the Doll Hospital have never lost a case yet! Faces re-painted by hand—and the original expression is faithfully kept. New wigs, new faces, new limbs supplied. New bodies or heads. Every doll is treated individually with loving care.

EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT AND DOLL HOSPITAL

● Her Majesty's Arcade Castlereagh St. Level ● Also at Pitt St., Next New Hub. ● And at Newcastle, 4 Perkin St.

BY MAIL *Send by Parcel Post to 67 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and a Price Quotation will be sent you by return mail.*

Let your thoughts flow through a

Wyvern

BRITAIN'S PERFECT PEN

FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

DOES SUMMER FIND YOU

Full of Life and Energy

HOLIDAYS or ordinary days, at work or play, you can be full of life and energy if you'll take care of your inner health. That means more than keeping well. Inner health means bounding energy, a joyful state of well-being that comes from taking Bile Beans regularly.

Being purely vegetable Bile Beans gently but effectively induce regular elimination of digestive wastes.

They cleanse the body of impurities that would upset your health and affect your looks and figure. Bile Beans tone up the whole system. You can feel them doing you good from the start.

To feel bright and cheerful, to guard your looks and well-being, start this simple health and beauty treatment to-night—just a couple at bedtime.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

"For keeping one healthy, Bile Beans are ideal and I take them regularly with the greatest benefit. I feel just as fit and bright after a hard day's work as I am first thing in the morning."—Mrs. E. Mason.

BILE BEANS

In handy 1/3 and 3/- (family) sizes, of all chemists

MAIN feature of room at right is the tartan curtains. Walls are off-white. Carpet is brown and cream; hearth-rug in rust, greens and brown. Paintings recapture the curtain colors of pale and dark green, rust, yellow, and black.

A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH . . .

WOULDN'T YOU like to own one? This inflatable rubber chair has been designed by a Cardiff firm of balloon and dinghy manufacturers, and was featured in the War-to-Peace section of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Chair certainly looks comfortable.

● Tartan is fashion's darling at the moment—America splashes it everywhere; Britain puts it into curtains, covers, spreads with striking effect.

The living-room above shows tartan drapes in a mixture of pale and dark greens, rust, yellow, and black . . . And these determine the attractive color scheme for the whole room.

Facts About Asthma and Allergy

By MEDICO

"I HAVE suffered from asthma for years, and I have heard that it is now possible to cure it with injections. Is this true?" asked Mrs. Dooley.

"Before I can answer that, we must try to find out what is the cause of your asthma," I said.

"Asthma and hay fever may result from a host of different causes. One of the commonest, however, is a form of allergy; that is, abnormal sensitivity to certain substances which in themselves are harmless to a non-sensitive person. And it is this type of asthma which can sometimes be treated with injections."

"What causes 'allergy,' then, doctor?" she asked.

"Well, it's a peculiar thing. Nobody knows yet why some persons can be hypersensitive to certain substances in this fashion. Heredity seems to play a part—but it is only a part. An allergic child will often be found to have an allergic parent, though they rarely react to the same substance. Asthma is only one of its manifestations.

"Other allergic conditions make their appearance as skin rashes, headaches, migraine, hives, eczema, and digestive upsets."

"And are there many substances which may affect a person this way?" queried Mrs. Dooley.

"Yes, the number of substances to which a person may show an allergic reaction is legion. Though usually certain groups of substances are responsible for similar symptoms. Asthma, for instance, can usually be attributed to a high sensitivity towards pollens of different flowers and grasses, or housedust, kapok, or some other material which floats in the air.

"Headaches, migraine, and digestive reaction are more often due to a sensitiveness to some one or more foods. Chocolate is such a common offender with this group that it is worth while for any sufferer to exclude it.

"Naturally, before your asthma can be successfully attacked, you must discover what substance or substances are responsible for it."

"And how can I do that?"

"Often it is very difficult. But doctors can now derive quite a lot of information in this direction from a series of skin tests. These tests consist in the injection of a very minute amount of extracts of the various likely substances, just beneath the top skin of the arm.

"In a few minutes those substances to which you are sensitive will show up as a small, raised weal around the point of injection. From the knowledge he gains by this test, a specialist can then make up for you an individual extract specially prepared for your particular case.

"Regular injections of this extract at intervals of four or five days, and in gradually increasing doses, constitute a desensitisation process, after which you may be able to meet with impunity those substances which previously affected you."

Western Electric

HEARING AIDS

Now you can choose your Western Electric Model 63 Hearing Aid in the colour that suits you best—soft natural flesh tints, or smart lustrous black. The small curved plastic case is easy to wear—patented recessed front and back clips hold it securely beneath your clothing. Economical, too—ordinary torch batteries can be used as "A" batteries to operate Model 63—replacements are cheap, and can be bought anywhere. Model 63's Reduced price still leads the field in value . . . Call or 'phone for an appointment for a FREE demonstration NOW

THE AUDIPHONE CO. (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd.

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NEWCASTLE.—Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter Street 'Phone B 1980
MELBOURNE.—110 Collins Street 'Phone Central 4195
BRISBANE.—Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen Street B 2983
ADELAIDE.—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 12-14 Pirie St. Cent. 6619
PERTH.—Messrs. Sainken and Sainken, 653 Hay Street 'Phone B 7236
HOBART.—Findlay's, Elizabeth Street 'Phone 3718
LAUNCESTON.—Findlay's, George Street 'Phone 482

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

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INSPIRATIONAL. This lovely bedroom will interest every girl and woman. Beneath bookshelves runs a full-length strip of fluorescent lighting. Photographs and scenic studies are precisely hung, but effect, as you can see for yourself, is charming. And do note the bedspreads.
(Photograph by courtesy United Kingdom Information Service).

BED-SITTING ROOM. White curtains in brown check match brown-and-white-striped wallpaper. Paper has been reversed on one wall to give a background to light-colored aluminium furniture. Desk and cupboard tops are dull brick enamel; knobs brown, set in cinder-blue circles; legs cinder-blue to match navy-and-cinder-blue carpet. Navy-blue and white check woollen material covers chairs and couch; cushions are brown, dull brick, light blue; shelves and table cream.

Pre-natal safeguards

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOTHERHOOD is a perfectly normal, natural event, and if you avail yourself of various safeguards during your pregnancy there is no need for any fear or anxiety.

You should carry out the following suggestions for a healthy and happy pre-natal period:

- Consult your doctor early, and put yourself under his supervision.
- Attend your local pre-natal clinic or one attached to the hospital you will attend.
- Do not think that there's nothing you need to learn before your baby arrives. Study and put into practice all the rules of healthy living, and make yourself familiar with "Mothercraft."
- Visit your dentist early for any dental repairs, and remember that there is a tendency for teeth to decay during pregnancy unless you give them the protection of a good diet and good dental hygiene.
- A well-balanced diet rich in those vital food elements, mineral salts, and vitamins; outdoor exercise and special exercises for particular muscle-groups; sufficient rest, a generous quota of sunshine and fresh air, and good bodily and mental hygiene are all essentials.

Leaflets giving pre-natal suggestions can be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Our bureau also has a free pre-natal service. It is conveniently situated on the fifth floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Hours for Attendance: Every day (Monday to Friday), from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Telephone, M2406.

FIND OUT NOW!
YOU, TOO, MAY BE GETTING
Pyorrhea
ENEMY OF FIRM GUMS AND HANDSOME TEETH

Don't ignore these first warning signs—tender gums—gums that bleed *even a tiny bit.* They may mean Pyorrhea, dreaded gum disease which, in its advanced stages, often leads to shrunken gums and loosened teeth. 4 out of 5 may get it. So play safe. See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice.

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's—made especially for massaging gums and cleaning teeth. In a recent clinical test 95% of the Pyorrhea-threatened cases improved after thirty days of care with Forhan's. Use the only toothpaste that contains Forhan's special anti-Pyorrhea astringent.

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Hair in your comb is a dangerous sign, don't ignore it! Watch, too, for dandruff, tender or itchy scalp, brittle or excessively oily hair: they may all lead to early baldness.

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ARRID

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If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him **BARKO** *Condition Powders* BARKO Condition Powders. 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

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F4502.—Attractive box-pleated summer shorts and matching cool cap-sleeve blouse make a suitable outfit for the beach this season. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Require 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

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F4505.—Regular suit for a student miss. The skirt is pleated all round, giving wide freedom of movement. Sizes 12 to 14 yrs., 14 to 16 yrs., 16 to 18 yrs. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide and 4yds. braid. Pattern, 1/8.

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